

# CAVALCADE <sup>2/-</sup>

January,  
1957

*the* **KNOW YOURSELF**  
*magazine*

Strip tease is booming

I nearly ate my mate

Keep your man attractive

She hanged her man

200 feet of terror



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New Series, Volume 25, No. 4

January, 1957

## The "KNOW YOURSELF" Magazine

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## OVER 40?

### REGAIN VIRILITY

#### through occasional modern treatment

As the tide of early man, the 40's, 50's and 60's decades are the most critical, that is, from 40 to 60. During these years certain changes occur. Some of the most common and most regular are lowered libido, depression, loss of confidence and mental equilibrium.

These young patients generally begin with a feeling of loss of control, and find themselves within the 40's. The majority of patients are convinced that these changes are inevitable and cannot be reversed and men's minds are prejudiced. A medical aid has been ordered at various times.

The healthy, natural human elements and of concentrating activities which is introduced into the system through the medicine.

There is the danger of a person's mind being into the 40's. Some will be a short while, but should be able to find the solution. The 40's and 50's are not a problem, but a fact. Some appear within a few hours — sometimes within a few days — when they find the living is required, maintaining the good, enjoying of life and a feeling of well being.

A special medicine, which is called "Spermatozoa" for the 40's, 50's and 60's, is a 40's, 50's, 60's, 70's, 80's, 90's, 100's, 110's, 120's, 130's, 140's, 150's, 160's, 170's, 180's, 190's, 200's, 210's, 220's, 230's, 240's, 250's, 260's, 270's, 280's, 290's, 300's, 310's, 320's, 330's, 340's, 350's, 360's, 370's, 380's, 390's, 400's, 410's, 420's, 430's, 440's, 450's, 460's, 470's, 480's, 490's, 500's, 510's, 520's, 530's, 540's, 550's, 560's, 570's, 580's, 590's, 600's, 610's, 620's, 630's, 640's, 650's, 660's, 670's, 680's, 690's, 700's, 710's, 720's, 730's, 740's, 750's, 760's, 770's, 780's, 790's, 800's, 810's, 820's, 830's, 840's, 850's, 860's, 870's, 880's, 890's, 900's, 910's, 920's, 930's, 940's, 950's, 960's, 970's, 980's, 990's, 1000's, 1010's, 1020's, 1030's, 1040's, 1050's, 1060's, 1070's, 1080's, 1090's, 1100's, 1110's, 1120's, 1130's, 1140's, 1150's, 1160's, 1170's, 1180's, 1190's, 1200's, 1210's, 1220's, 1230's, 1240's, 1250's, 1260's, 1270's, 1280's, 1290's, 1300's, 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# Who killed

A Royal death—a spectacular Oriental mystery—

a glittering funeral—a rare and intriguing spectacle.

By G. KINGSFORD-SMITH



# The King?

A RUSSIAN being over the intrigues of the hidden city of Bangkok on the 30th of June, 1943, as the long-worshipping masses heard that their monarch had been shot.

Rumors ran through the houses that a royal assassin lurked among the privileged few who entered the golden palace. Foreigners, over-uniformed officials issued a stream of conflicting, nervily-worded communications.

Our small handful of foreign correspondents sensed a real story as we hunted with the wall of unseen silence that always hides the truth in the Orient.

That was when we tried—and heard but in vain, as you will see — to “break” the story, when the truth came out that the King had, indeed, been murdered.

The correspondents on the spot had little doubt of it—yet when the chapter closed for us, it was with every indication that the kith of Oriental Royalty had covered their tracks with cunning and widespread intrigues.

Yet it is not surprising that, in a Court so cunning with hidden ambition and bitter rivalry, the truth should, at last, break through.

The story begins a long time ago. It begins back in the days covered by that fine film “Anne and the King of Siam”, which showed the accession of the big-bearded King Chulalongkorn.

King Chulalongkorn reigned wisely for many years until 1910, but one of his many big-bearded sons was to leave 73 children to contest the throne.

Questions such as whether the first son of the first concubine is senior to the second son of the third wife are always hard to make, and since the death of Chulalongkorn the claimants to the throne of Siam have baffled all normal laws of succession.

In 1928 there was a revolution and the reigning King Prajadhipok, fled to England. He abdicated two years later. Not that a revolution in Siam



Left: The body of the king, contained in a brass urn, is carried as ceremony to the crematorium. Right: Young King Ananda, schooling in Switzerland, little guessed on the intrigue festering behind his throne.

means anything particularly blood-thirsty. The great ultrarich population continues their labours without knowledge of the world outside their village. From there the money flows into the gilded capital where the ruling class can continue their extravagant life of gaud and splendour.

But this revolution was accompanied by two ambitious Siamese named Phai and Phibun who had sworn a blood oath together and had long-term plans to gain control of the country. When Prapadachit abdicated the thrones arose quickly and confirmed the crown on thirty-year-old Ananda Mahidol, a youth cousin amongst the dynasty, far apart from Chulabhorn's aristocratic descendants. King Prapadachit had also been multi-wedded. But Ananda was young and straight came to trouble for many years.

Then, despite the favour from hundreds of frustrated members of the Royal family, the absolute powers of the throne were passed away from the boy to form a constitutional monarchy. The young King, unaware that he was the next heir of a great kingdom, was sent off to school in Switzerland with his five-year-old brother Bhumibol.

Times changed, a more pro-king Prince Minister rose to power, and in 1938 the young King was allowed to come back to his country for a brief visit.

This was the signal for an attempted coup d'état. Powerful, royal-blooded Prince Jirarat, who may have seen that the days of the old monarchy were gone and hoped to rise to power on the new political tide, was named the leader. But the attempt was trying to force the pace of history too fast, and, after attempts to sway the Prime Minister had failed, Prince Jirarat was condemned to the local equivalent of the Tower of London.

Young King Ananda went back to his schooling in Switzerland, time passed, and all the world heard of Spain was that glumorous, world-ruled Prince Burephong was winning more men in England and France.

Then came the war. Strategically-placed Siam sided with Japan, and the potent Phai and Phibun played their next card. Phai contacted the agents of Britain and America and became leader of the anti-Jap resistance group. Phibun befriended the Japanese and became puppet Prime Minister. It looked like a pack with five ones.

Allied POW's, labour and died on the Siamese railway, but the country was little affected by fighting. It remained the rich rice-bowl of a hungry Asia. The war was won. British troops occupied Siam, and their leaders stopped vainly to find what the Siamese were really thinking behind their placid smiles. Phai was uninvited to power, and Phibun was declared a war criminal.

Fighting on Britain's desperate need of rice to feed the restless millions of her newly conquered possessions, Phai extracted concession after concession. Within a few

months he had reversed the vicious to gain a peace treaty to which (with later amendments) Siam escaped unscathed for two part in the war. He also obtained the right to try his own war criminals—and promptly pardoned them all, including his old friend Phibun.

Stories began to circulate that the King was unwell; his lungs were weak and the climate would not suit him. Yet the people, partly sceptical, wanted to see their sovereign, and in December, 1943, he came—for a 30-day visit.

Young Ananda had grown into a fine upstanding twenty-year-old with modern ideas, and the power to think for himself. When he came, he stayed.

Despite the restrictions of an anti-war round of traditional Buddhist rituals, despite an order from Prime Minister Phai that no one was to see the King without his permission, despite the concentration of an over-protective mother whose life was devoted to the welfare of her fatherless boys, young King Ananda began to take stock of his kingdom.

The local British commander gave him a jeep and a paramotor's motor cycle, and occasionally the King managed to escape from his isolation and go to see his friends.

He obtained several firearms, including an American army M1; he made friends with the Royal police, and it was said that at times he practised shooting in the high-walled palace grounds.

Soon to come of age, King Ananda made plans. He negotiated with the M.A.F. to buy a squadron of Spitfires and form a modern air force for Siam. It seems that he saw the losses his country suffered from the inefficiency of its air-aid fleet.

Eventually he planned to go to the United States and speak with the President, to Britain for similar discussions, then back to Siam—land to complete his studies in law. He was scheduled to leave on June 12.

It was at 9 a.m. on June 8 that he was found lying on his bed, his forehead shattered by a bullet from an American army pistol.

By the evening the Government's propaganda machine, crisscrossed by the radio despite its restrictions, had issued ten different countermeasures to frantic hosts to convince the nation that the King's death was accidental, coincidental and contradictory claims pouring out.

With Oriental mystery, which Austrians will find hard to believe, the countermeasures on both Siamese and British described every action of the King that morning.

"His Majesty," said one of them, "had been suffering from a stomach disorder. At 4 a.m. the Royal Mother entered the Royal bedroom and gave His Majesty a dose of castor oil. Later His Majesty went to the Royal bathroom, had a bath, and performed his Royal daily duty. He then returned to bed."

Another one said: "Antony General was contacted by the Director General of the Police and Medical Department, and it was informed that the

King's death must have been caused by a stray bullet which shot out while the King was playing with his pistol as he was used to do."

This story now becomes hard to tell. It amounted to as a decisive story with then coming to light and leading us deeper into the mystery. But this aspect casts the suspicion of the Grand the fabulous mystery amongst the gilded temples, the degradation of mass arrests and ordered silence, the all-pervading sense of mystery and intrigue.

In the shadow of the Emerald Buddha, Temple with correspondents talked freely with imperial servants. Assured us in the outer palace grounds multi-headed snakes coiled on carved pillars, gold gilt gargoyles loomed at us. The sun filtered through the red and green and gold paintings on the roofs of grotesque temples and gilded on the tiled mirrors and gold plate of pagodas.

The air was filled with the tinkling of watch bells, and the old silence beneath our feet seemed to tell of greater mysteries in bygone days.

We forced ourselves upon Government officials who did their best to avoid-shoulder our inquiries. The Chief of Police sat like a Rajah on an ornate couch tipped to us as he evaded question after question. Outside we had seen the cells brimming with wretched prisoners arrested for spreading rumours. But from the tone of his answers we learned a lot.

From Chinese merchants (they are the real workers of the East in all the vital but unglamorous positions), we learned the background of Siamese politics.

From co-operators of the Japs, and Europeans who had tread in Siam and spoke the language, we learned how to interpret Siamese reaction. From the British Ambassador we learned which men were the real power behind the scenes.

From our own deductions we asked more unexpected questions of Prime Minister Phai, of the Chief of Police and the Minister for Information. From their reactions we learned the rest. . . for you must remember that there were few Europeans in Siam and their prestige (if not their popularity) ranked high.

And we were the ones of the press of the world, to which Siam was in fear of being judged.

It seems that a Royal page heard a shot from the King's bedroom and rushed on to find the King lying back on his pillow with a hole in his forehead. Beside him, and the page, was the American M.

Obviously, said palace officials, it was an accident. . . murder was out of the question, and suicide most improbable.

But why, asked those in a position to ask, was the pistol put away in a drawer before the police had examined it? Why was the page so surprised to hear the shot when, we were told, the King often fired through his window into the palace yard?

And why were there no powder marks on his shirt?

Elaborate sites were constructed as the body and the only medical examination produced a report that the bullet was still in the head. Then, at later weight of opinion forced a closer inspection, this was corrected to say that the bullet had gone through the head and into the mattress.

Again the curious asked questions in the American embassy patrol there are two safety catches, including a spring catch to be depressed at the back of the butt while the trigger is pulled. That, a dozen demonstrations showed, would admit a most involved "workload" while the King was lying on his back.

Again, why no powder marks?

There was also a second bullet missing from the magazine that no one could explain.

By then King George's 32 newspapers, misled by what they had read about the death of the prince, were full-fledgedly demanding an investigation.

Then spring-man Prill acted. He close colleagues, wealthy, arrogant, dominating Police Chief Hans Indra, spread out a net that brought in newspaper editors and citizens who discussed the matter in the streets. Rewards were offered for information about rumour-spreaders.

Prill was confident—he had resigned as Prime Minister immediately after the King's death and had been re-elected on a joint vote of both Houses of Parliament.

He was unopposed at critics who stated he had taken this unorthodox procedure because he needed the weight of friends in the Senate to overcome opposition in the

lower house.

At this stage we progressed decided to satisfy ourselves about the extent of the powder marks which would result from a shot fired at such close range.

We were staying at the Rotunde Komand Hotel, on Bangkok's handsome Majapahit Avenue, a wide, ultra-modern street lined with fine buildings that impress the eye as well as the development of the city—until he finds that most of them are only empty shells built to impress him, and that the real city is a squashed area down by the river.

In the morning we selected a suitable piece of bullet metal and, calculating the range at which the shot must have been fired if it were accidental, fired a round from an identical pistol.

A curious crowd watched us as we examined the spot and became convinced that at the range the King's forehead would have been well marked with powder burns.

If it were not, as the doctors stated, there was every reason to believe it was murder.

Our suspicions were growing. All these desperate efforts to suppress talk of murder and to stress that it was an accident . . . and the motive was there in the broad politics of the country. We wondered.

Late that afternoon events moved to a concrete Prime Minister Prill was to answer questions in Parliament. Parliament House was a great marble building decorated with gold leaf and red carpets and massive chandeliers, almost overpowering in its concentrated magnificence.

Hundreds of young-and-men-bers played the Government for its

failure to close up the inquiry.

Tonkin stepped as two of them scolded Chandra Prithivarat, ex-private secretary to the King and now present as a member of Parliament, of being the spirit who committed the murder.

Another claimed that poisoning bones on the King's forehead proved he had been shot from behind and then placed on the bed.

Throughout this Prill sat, his face about eyes gleaming beneath black brows.

He called for silence and Police Chief Hans Indra brought to a marble table in the centre of the house a freshly slaughtered pig's head.

With a dagger he dropped a pile of flowers beside it. Blood oozed from bullet holes in the skull of the worthless animal.

"Yes, this proves that the King was shot by accident," bellowed Prill.

Scolded Parliamentarians policed the schoolboys at a waistcoat around the table, prodding the bleeding head and rattling the mechanism of the gun.

Prill, his student misdeeds almost self-explanatory without the aid of our interpreter, expounded his case.

Then, without warning, he adjourned the session of the house.

During that week the late King's private brother, seventeen-year-old

(Continued on page 49)

Multi-colored, smoking Prithivarat, here seen wearing flying instructions in England, left many children to control them.





# *Strip Tease* **is booming**

• CARACASE, January, 1957

The crowd yells "Take it off," the stripper peels, and it's all done to music.

By ANTHONY DWYER

OFCE ascended a peculiarly American accomplishment, the art of strip-tease is being enthusiastically rehearsed by other clothes-shedding young ladies from Paris to Tokyo. Besides the body beautiful they are intent on showing that, either with the pose or the strip, they won't play second fiddle to the burlesque queens of Broadway or Hollywood's endless night-spots.

Top-line American strippers with famous names such as Gypsy Rose Lee, George Sothern and Lili St. Cyr enjoy incomes of 1000 dollars a week or more. Fabulous though their performances—and salaries, few receive public acclaim such as was recently accorded to a peasant 16-year-old girl in Paris.

Thousands of strip-tease addicts turned up to watch her across the table of France's "Miss Strip Tease".

Her name is Canada. Pejority, and she does her professional undressing at a Paris nightclub known as the "Crazy Horse Saloon".

From agents of her employers incessantly reported a rush of "culture vultures" to the "saloon". Culture, they explained is what Matthew Arnold described as "the study of perfection". And perfection, unanimously agreed Canada has what it takes — when she took it off.

Nightly, on the other side of the world, dumpy, over-plump Japanese belles go through their version of the strip-tease routine in hundreds of Japanese cabarets, nightclubs and theatres. In the paper cities, the more near-modern is an area that is purveyed by Miss Strip Tease and her fellow trouper.

Strip-tease is Japanese big business. Night life everywhere is being boosted with hopes of "stingers" as the stars of the programme. The management can provide you with Japanese beer and Japanese Scotch — a little thing like an American strip-tease is no trouble at all.

Customers sit hunched through the performance of torch songs, romances and jazz music from the efficient American-style band. They can also take or leave the professional partners who sit demurely round the table waiting to be hired for dancing.

At last, across the spectacle the audience has really come to see — the strip-tease queens over whom most of post-war Japan has gone crazy.

The law does not permit the performers to flex themselves at every last stitch. This results in the girls retaining a single strategic drape.

About their strip-tease there is a certain mechanical or robot-like quality. There is a constant skepticism about the performers themselves. The strip is there but the tease is minor — making the whole business something like watching your own four-year-old daughter preparing for bed.

For all the foreign competition,

strip-tease is, and always has been, a distinctively American pastime. It originated in the famed burlesque theatres of New York run by the Minsky brothers and has spread so that almost every large city now has, besides many nightclubs, at least one theatre devoted to stripping.

Strongly its birthplace of New York has had no burlesque theatre since 1939. The late Puccinia La Canada, then the Mayor, banned it from theatre stages as part of a clean-up campaign.

The act in the city remained alive through nightclubs and a new underground's spectacular revival. The State Supreme Court recently over-ruled New York's theatre licensing authorities and gave a vibrant producer, Thomas Phelan, permission to open a burlesque house.

Once the high priests of the strip-tease act in New York, the three Minsky brothers, proprietors of a chain of burlesque theatres, all retired with comfortable fortunes. They were proud that strip-tease as performed in their shows was never vulgar. Their aim was to glorify

the strip artist in the same way as Joe Magfield did with his Polka girl.

"A strip-tease dance is an art," Morrie Minsky used to say. "It is an American art. A strip-teaser — a good one, of course — needs a sense of rhythm and pose."

"We must know exactly the right psychological moment to remove each garment."

His brothers agreed. "It isn't just a matter of going out on the stage and taking off your clothes," added Herbert Minsky. "Take any other art, it demands finesse."

At the height of their burlesque success, the brothers ran the "Minsky College", a special organization for training young hopefuls in the finer points of strip-tease. Gypsy was their star pupil and Lili became a perpetual advertisement of their methods.

The extent of the American strip-tease industry may be gauged from the fact that in New York there is a business continually engaged in the manufacture of G-dresses. These are

(Continued on page 69)



In war-torn, hungry Japan, family heirlooms were bartered for rice. Murder and suicide followed a modern Robin Hood's endeavour to return the treasures to their rightful owners.



# STRANGE CASE OF the Sword-

"MURDER," Sergeant Jack Jacklin of the S.I.S. British Commonwealth Occupation Special Investigation Branch said on the other end of the line. "Do you want to be in it?"

"What kind of murder?" I asked cautiously, not wanting to commit myself.

"All right," he chuckled. "It's not only murder but double suicide speed with black mask-making and gang leading. What's more, the Jap cap has become an army secret. Yonakura is involved."

"And who the heck is this Yonakura?" I asked.

"You call yourself a reporter?" Jack's laughter followed as my mind raced. "Here the leader of the worst crime ring in Hiroshima Prefecture, Here a boss with a surname copied but he adds his code of honor in his own criminal way. He's the 'yakuza' around here and the murdered man was probably one of his 'tokoro.' I'll pick you up in five minutes."

When Jack mentioned "yakuza" (criminal boss) and "tokoro" (underling) I instinctively accepted his invitation. These two words form the basis

of Japan's criminal boss system, a state within the empire, with bloody customs and traditions fiercely threatened by the G.I.s.

Strict formalities regulate the organization of a crime gang in Yippon and the achievement of an "oyakun-koban" relationship. The admission of a new member is accompanied by the exchange of caps between the boss and the fellow gangster. The cap, however, does not contain wine, but the blood of those participating in the ceremony. The quantity of blood to be gulped down is dictated by the status of the drinker, the amono drink half a cup, gawara a quarter and so on, down the line in diminishing quantities.

The exchange of the blood caps signifies the newswearer's pledge to adhere until death to the "line" the unwritten code of ethics of the underworld. Under this code the member is bound to unconditional loyalty to his gang and absolute obedience to his boss. On the other hand, the boss is obliged to take his follower under his wing and offer him the privilege and protection of his name. The ties of comradeship thus established are thereafter indestructible by other parts.

A gang member who has incurred the displeasure of his boss through negligence or mistake, cuts off part of one of his fingers. The amputated part is carefully wrapped in paper and placed on a tray and offered to the boss through an intermediary. If the leader accepts the grisly offering the culprit is forgiven; if not, it means banishment, or more often than not, a death sentence for the crime committed.

Forceful and ultimate leadership depend solely upon devotion, self-sacrifice and ability. Loyalty is absolute among gang members. Recently Tokyo police trapped a team of criminals who proudly confessed their crime, but refused to divulge the whereabouts of their leader. They offered to spare the boss term of sentence, and nothing in the world, not even the Japanese third degree could induce them to betray their "yakusa."

A petty murder wouldn't have interested me, but a chance to look into the mysterious activities of an established gang was a different matter.

When Jack drove up in his jeep I could see a Japanese interpreter, a detective and a policeman, stand-



# Collector

washed together in the back seat. They bowed stiffly and grinned grimly.

"Where the hell are we?" I asked as I climbed in next to Jack.

"I guess they've frightened," he shrugged. "We are there to hunt down small fry but Yamanaka and his gang are a different matter. They've been terrorizing Hiroshima Prefecture since the end of the war. I'll tell you just how powerful they are. During the war some big-time gangsters cleared out of Tokyo and the other big ones they established themselves in the country. more free, less banks."

Then this Yamanaka, who was born in this district, comes back from China, repatriated. Oda would him the worst bogymen in the district and organized has been in military fashion. What does he do? First poses as some sort of Robin Hood and local patriot. He wages war against the big city gangsters and drives them back to Tokyo. The people are all for him, but then he sets up his own extortion racket. But mind you, he still helps the oppressed."

We were speeding along the coast road towards Hiroshima.

"This is the worst crime in this prefecture for the last forty years, sir," the Rize interpreter rambled from the back seat. (Rize is a Japanese born in America. G4441, our interpreter, and others like him, served as a linguistic bridge between Japanese and the Occupation forces.)

"A man killed and two committed suicide?" I said. "Hardly worse crimes have happened."

"The suicides," Ostrom replied. "are a real point. They may also have been murders."

We were driving through the main street of Kawa, a small village nestled among the hills near Hiroshima. Excited, chattering groups of villagers pointed to our jeep then towards a house on a small hill about a mile away.

We abandoned our jeep and walked through the paddy fields. The lonely farmhouse loomed up ahead.

"A fine spot for a murder," I observed.

"Shirashi, the man murdered, had it coming to him," Jack commented. "He was in worse luck racket he could muddle into. What would you see his place. Talk about the poor Japanese farmers—this one was do-

ing all night!"

But before I entered Shimizu's apparently ill-fated home, I was confronted by the earthly remains of the three members of the family: father, mother and son. They were laid out on stretchers. One, the mother, and Yoko, the teenager son, had their hands bound with black paper and black silk handkerchiefs were stuffed in their mouths.

"What's this talk about suicide?" Jack turned on the interpreter. "You told me the mother and son swallowed strychnine yet they are bound and gagged!"

"The Japanese police have two theories," Otsuji defended himself. "One is that the gangster made Yoko and Chie swallow strychnine, then gagged and bound them. Against that speaks that their feet resembled fire so they could have staggered to the village and reported the crime. But they didn't. So, the conclusion is that when they saw old Shimizu standing they committed suicide."

"If mother and son didn't willingly commit suicide," I asked Otsuji, "the killing would probably have circumvented them too. To use the same wicked method of forcing them to take poison instead of employing an easier way, and doesn't make sense."

"Mikasa was closer to you," Otsuji answered. "The Japanese use a different kind of people, they act and think differently from us."

It didn't surprise me that Otsuji identified himself with the Occidental world. Many of the men shared nothing but racial similarity with their native-born kinsfolk in Japan.

So the puzzle was there: did Yoko and Chie die voluntarily or did the government force them to take poison? And why was Yonekazu the sole suspect? I put this query to Otsuji and after conferring with the detective, he called our attention to the grooves in which the victim's hands were bound.

"Only Japanese use this type of knot—no other race in the world uses it."

"But why blame Yonekazu? There are millions of other Japanese capable of tying the knots."

"Yonekazu and his gang are the

## It's For Real

"If You Are Hungry and Have No Money, Come In We Will Feed You."

That sign, in the restaurant window of Mike Schuman, Chicago, has brought in several thousand persons in four years, but none of them hungry, so far as the owner knows. A round customer asked for doughnuts and coffee.

"Wouldn't you like some soup and a sandwich, too?"

The man would, indeed.

Finishing the meal, the supposed charity customer surprised his host with a bill.

"I'm going to pay you double. I've been watching that sign for a long time. I just wanted to test it out, that's all."

only killers around here. "The police know those who are capable of murder and they all belong to the underground gang." And with this unsatisfactory explanation we had to be content.

Leaving the gruesome evidence behind, we entered the house. The rooms were large and provided a sorry mixture of Oriental and Occidental furniture. The second room had two armchairs, a high table, a sewing machine, a chandelier (unconnected) and a number of other things piled up like loot, which they undoubtedly were.

As I walked backstair through the Shimizu home following custom we removed our boots before entering my feet sunk into a rich and luxurious carpet. It was one of the best Persians I'd ever seen, a veritable masterpiece and probably worth a hundred yen. Yet the murderers left it behind, together with other valuables. I reminded that robbery as a motive seemed to be set, as nothing seemed to be missing from its place.

"But there is," Otsuji answered readily. "Many swords, selected and other articles of artistic value. Museum pieces. Worth millions of yen."

"Shimizu must have been an art collector," Jack remarked.

"In a way he was, sir. He was passionately fond of swords. Those

who came to trade treasured possessions for food, were always asked whether they had any swords. If so, they received a better measure of rice than others who had less heroic items to offer."

"How do you know all all these minute details about the Shimizus?" Jack asked the question at the interpreter. The same vague suspicion had already flashed through my mind and Otsuji must have drained our thoughts. He smiled thinly.

"Kozo Shimizu, the murdered man's nephew, told me. He found the bodies. He lives in the village and he became anxious when he did not see any activity about the place for two days. He found all three of them dead in the front-most room."

The Japanese detective, a thin, small man, looked silently to our companion, then burst into a flood of words to lugue us suddenly into silence.

"This case is sure involved and mysterious," Otsuji interpreted. "Several days ago, while Shimizu and his son were out, men came to be from the Military Government came to the house and confiscated thirty swords and other articles of value. When Shimizu came home, he was told that what had happened and he went to the Military Government for explanation."

"He had come back to go and complain," I put in. "Isn't it unlawful for Japanese to have any kind of weapons in their possession?"

"Normally it is," Otsuji explained, "but not so in Shimizu's case. The Military Government confiscates ordinary weapons but those of artistic or sentimental value, if registered, can remain with their owners. Every time that farmer got hold of a new weapon he registered it with the occupation authorities."

Otsuji explained further. The Military Government officials told Shimizu that they had not confiscated his swords. He then reported the matter to the police.

Miss Shimizu went with her husband and described the impostors. Some suspects were rounded up almost immediately and Mrs. Shimizu was to confront them the following day. Before she could do so the whole family was murdered.

The whole case now resembled one of those Chinese puzzle boxes which look completely sealed, has no locks,

swilled as she confidently headed the robber his hundred dollars and watched him leave, sure that the police would take care of him.

Later, she dialed Police Headquarters and asked what they intended to do with the benefit.

The officer on duty asked: "What benefit?"

Her phone call was the first holding the police had of the hold-up.

## They're Looking For Him Now

A new wrinkle in the art of robbery was used in the U.S. recently by an enterprising thief. Miss Desmole Brown, a clerk in a currency exchange, answered her telephone.

A voice said: "This is the police. Your exchange is going to be held up, but don't be alarmed. We've got the place surrounded."

A short while later a stranger came in and demanded the exchange's money. Miss Brown

yet can be opened by manipulating some suitably secreted parts.

The thieves were obviously still at large. They also had the rest, so why did they return to the scene of their crime, murder three people and challenge the authorities to hunt them down? The police and the R.C.O.F. S.I.U. would have worried little about the loss of a black-market-making man, Japan's big-guns treasure, but the elimination of three Japan lives was a different matter.

Crime, motivated by greed or anger, has never been my interest, but here was a case involving some of the more intricate landmarks of human nature. It provided an opening to study yet another facet of Japanese mentality.

The Japanese police and the R.C.O.F. S.I.U. had been very active while we were away, warning crime and pseudo-thugs to report people offering Japanese art objects for sale. We did not expect quick results from this measure, so that it was a pleasant surprise to find the first informer at the S.I.U. office when we returned.

"Here's your first specimen," Corporal Brown informed us, pointing to a very old man with a snow-white beard.

The old man rose from his seat with difficulty. He had some serious affliction of the spine and was unable to stand upright. There he stood, in front of Jack, his body in a sort of half circle.

"My name is Yonezumi," he said in perfect English.

"Come again?" said Jack. "What did you say your name was?"

"Yonezumi, sir."

"Are you related to Kinzoichi Yonezumi?"

"I am his father, sir," the old man said.

"He owns the very shop called after the warehouse, Benthorough," Corporal Brown volunteered. "He's confined just along all the business on Kane. You know this going to his place for sometimes."

As the Corporal spoke, old Yonezumi was reaching for his "bag." He brought out a delicately worked bronze statuette.

"An interpreter by the name of Nomura brought this object to my shop for repair. Observe the shapely ear and the broken finger. I believe it is part of the lost taken from the murdered man, Shimada."

That was to be the breaking point of the story. From that moment onwards moved swiftly. Jack's pen a few post haste to Kanan to bring an English-Kana Shimada to identify the object.

Kanan recognized the statuette as one of his uncle's favorites. Within an hour the S.I.U. had found Nomura who worked for the Military Government.

Nomura, badly frightened, voluntarily admitted that the statuette was part of the lost taken from Shimada's home.

"But I had nothing to do with the murder," he protested. "I was my uncle's pose as Military Government men and take away from Shimada what object belong to him anyway. He was an upstart, a snigger. All I

was after was the statuette which has belonged to my family since time immemorial."

"How about the rest of the stuff?" "There was two sets who could tell you. One is Yonezumi, the other a man named Fujiwara. Believe me, if I had known, that it would end in powder."

Jack dismissed him with an explicit gesture.

Old Yonezumi still stood there, half-bent, his face expressing great physical pain and mental anguish. He agreed with a tired shrug when Jack suggested keeping him there in protective custody.

"But I would like my wife to join me here, Sergeant," he said after a moment's reflection. Then added, "Shimada was a bad man, a leech. He had a great enmity against the ancient and noble families of Nippon and delighted in taking their most treasured possessions. Words he liked most."

Most of those in his collection belonged to my family. My son wanted to please me and took the statuette away from him, intending to distribute them to their rightful owners. He never expected Shimada to report his deed to you people or to the police. When he heard it—and here I am guessing—he must have become so enraged he decided to kill the whole family."

"There are two things I am unable to understand," I said to the old man. "One is your perfect English."

"I studied at Oxford a great many years ago. Before that I had an English tutor. I wasn't always a dealer in cheap relics."

"Now it is, Mr. Yonezumi," Jack bravely broke up the delicate conversation, "that you, obviously a good man, have a criminal son?"

"My son," Yonezumi retorted calmly, "is revolt against the world. In the old days he may have been considered a hero. Today he is just another criminal. He is in great error and I have told him so but I didn't interfere. Now destiny has brought the small statuette to my shop. I had no alternative but to bring it to you."

Now Mrs. Yonezumi, an old, delicate-looking woman, came into the room. She was silent but tears trickled down her wrinkled cheeks. She made a deep emotional bow

at the birth of a daughter. A year later she gave birth to a second "first-baby" baby had arrived. The shapely father, who had never seen his partner in personhood, provided the usual statements from his pay.

When the women was arrested, as a result of the soldier's confession, he discovered that the only child she had given birth to was a son, then twenty-one years of age.

towards us, then towards her husband.

The old couple were lead away to their appointed rooms.

"What do you think?" Jack turned to me. "I didn't figure this Yonezumi as some sort of Robin Hood."

"It's hard, no matter how you look at it. Apparently the impoverished antiquary was having a go at the newly rich. But," I added, "a good deal depends on what has happened to the stolen articles. If they have been sold you can consider old Yonezumi as a weak and tall story."

A lot of noise outside broke up our meditation.

Two Japanese policemen, led on a rope a tall, thin, muscular, bent over, wearing a dirty white jersey and a shuffling hat, appeared on the scene.

One of the policemen bowed his report to Colonel.

"The man is Fujiwara," Colonel interpreted.

The last Fuji was snatched sharply and whisked a few yards.

"He asks," said Colonel, "if it will be in his favour if he tells where the treasures are buried."

"You can give him the works in prison," Jack said calmly and the interpreter let an onslaught of words loose on the suspect.

Fujiwara then walked into a corner prison. He readily admitted that the treasures were buried in the mountains near Hachibonmatsu, a small village on the Sango line. He was ready to guide us to the place.

Behind Hachibonmatsu the road merged into a path. We abandoned our jeep and continued on foot to the appointed spot where some fifty men unearthed the swords and other items.

The hunt was now on for young Yonezumi. Reports came that he was seen in Shinjuku Prefecture, then in Tokyo, hundreds of miles away.

There was little point in keeping his parents in custody and they were allowed to return to their home. Within a day the Benthorough Game Shop changed hands and the old Japanese with the Oxford accent and unmistakable accent, retired with his wife to their home in the hill part of Kane.

(Continued on page 47)

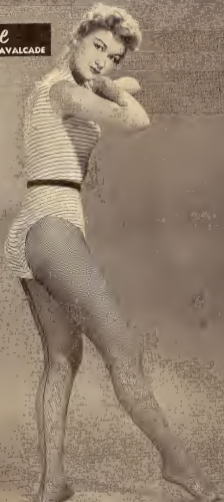
## Lonely Heart

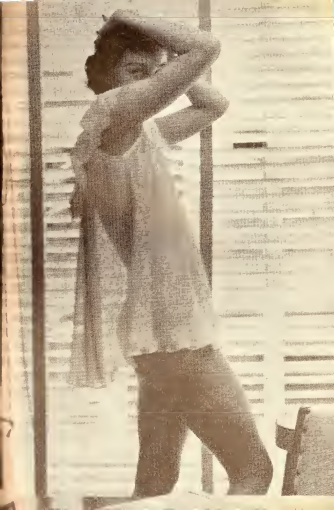
A 47-year-old Chinese woman, descending herself as "only twenty-four, young and attractive," began corresponding with a soldier in a Canadian camp whose name she obtained from a Lonely Hearts Club.

The letters were so persuasive that the soldier eventually agreed to co-operate—on mail—in a "first-baby" experiment. After a suitable lapse of time the correspondent announced

*picture*

CAVALCADE









## DREAMS

# tell about you!

Stephen Morris, well-known author and authority on the analysis of dreams invites your letters. If you would like to have the significance of your dream, send brief details to:

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Your name and address will be included in your letter as evidence of good faith but will not be used for publication.

### THE GLASS CARRIAGE

I dreamt that I was travelling on a train which had a small, glass-fronted carriage, and I was in this compartment. I was lost in thought, and noticed only at the last moment that the train had arrived at my destination. In a panic I started to change my dress, and suddenly realised that I had no privacy. I saw a lot of people on the platform, and they all looked at me through the glass frame. As if from nowhere my two youngest brothers appeared on the carriage, and walked out without taking any notice of me. I felt shocked and ashamed, thinking, "They have travelled with me all the time, yet not as if we were strangers. What have I done?"—Miss D. D. (Sydney, N.S.W.).

**EXPLANATION:** There is a time in every girl's life, when she becomes bashful of her brothers or parents. That is the significance of your dream. The glass carriage shows your feeling that you have had hardly any privacy in the past. Your brothers pretend not to notice you, because you feel that in some way you brought disgrace on them.

**ADVICE:** Your dream has a double meaning: lack of privacy is one and a conflict with your brothers the other. In the first instance try to arrange for yourself more privacy; in the second, find out (or perhaps you know already) what the bone of contention is and, being the eldest, you should be able to restore peace in the family.

### THE TRICK-HOUSE

Four years ago I dreamt about a two-storied ordinary weather-board house, rather shabby from the outside, but surprisingly furnished, and it all belonged to me. I was not at all surprised by the splendour that surrounded me. I had the same dream on three other occasions, and three weeks ago in my sleep I saw that house again, but this time I went there not as an owner, but to consult a doctor. It was a bright, sunny day, yet I had to walk along a dark path, surrounded by darkness. I knocked on the door, and one of my friends appeared and said I should go to the front entrance, as her husband was there, and he would offend me if went to the front and noticed how much the place

had changed. For one thing, the beautiful garden was sadly, I walked up some wooden steps, and met the "doctor", sitting at a huge desk, and there I woke up.

My wife's husband is not a doctor. I am very healthy. There no desire to live in a bigger house than we have. I wouldn't like to keep so much grandeur about me.—Mrs. V.M. (Montello, Tex.).

**EXPLANATION:** The first dream, that occurred four years ago, strikes your point that the outside is unimportant, all that matters is what one finds inside. This attitude can be applied to your home, your character and many other expressions of life. Your recent dream shows that you feel rather neglected; the sun shows brightly, but you have to walk a dark path. This feeling of humility (or humiliation) is deepened when you go to the back entrance of the deceptive house, where your name tells you to go to the front. Next you find yourself face to face with the peevish doctor, who can afford to sit behind a huge desk. And as you go to turn you notice the garden's deterioration sadly, although other parts of your first dream indicated that you do not worry about outside appearances.

**ADVICE:** In the last four years there came a change over you, and the difference in the two dream groups indicates that it was not for the better. Four years ago you had POSITIVE dreams, whilst the latest is definitely NEGATIVE. If you do not know, find out what brought this change for the worse, and then set yourself to correct the fault (s) before further deterioration in your attitude would set in. Also, try not to be jealous of your nose.

### RESURRECTION ATTEMPT

I dreamt that I met my friend's mother (she died 14 months ago) at a railway station. Her client was coming along, and we talked for a while. Then I went to see my friend, and told her how well her mother looked.—A.J. (Hargrave Park, N.S.W.).

**EXPLANATION:** In your dream you made an attempt to console your friend. **ADVICE:** You appear to be a very sensitive and affectionate person, who takes other people's trouble to heart. Whilst sympathising and helping friends is commendable you must be one those not to overdo it.

### TOWER OF TERROR

I repeatedly dream a friend and I are climbing up a very steep hill, with only a few trees growing on it. When we come to the top, someone calls out, "There's the tower, and there's the town below." About 30 yards down on the other side of the hill is an old, red, shabby look-out tower. All the others run down to it but are. I seem to shudder and fall, and grab at the ropes to stop myself from hurtling down. Just recently I dreamt that I entered the tower altogether and, screaming, I seemed to fall into space. I woke up before I reached the bottom.—Miss P. S. (Ple.).

**EXPLANATION:** Dreams of falling usually come when we are very young, or going through the teenage crisis. At times these dreams, most of them coming on nightmare, occur at a later age. In your case this dream of falling shows an inferiority complex, where the others are able to do easily, involves you in a most serious manner, almost demanding your life. This complex may express itself generally, or only in certain aspects of life. The tower and the town below indicates that you are worried about sex fulfillment, which you resent and desire at the same time. Being an married woman, I should say, this is a normal reaction. **ADVICE:** Do not take the lives of others as your example. Live according to your own moral lines, if they are good enough. If they are not, search honestly for your faults, and try to eliminate them.

# Health

## CAPSULES

Eating lemons or oranges or drinking more alcohol are similarly unhelpful

### FROG BREATHING

Breathing like a frog has helped many polio sufferers to restore their natural breathing. Quite simply, frog breathing is to grip air into the lungs by using the mouth and throat muscles. This method helps to stretch the chest as well as aiding in speech.

### SCAR REMOVAL

A new and highly successful treatment has been devised to do away with unsightly acne or smallpox scars on the face. Ethyl ether or propane is used to freeze the skin and then a motor-driven rotary wire brush removes the upper layers of skin, allowing new skin cells to form and provide a clear, smooth surface. A metal safety guard on the brush reduces the chance of planing too deeply or irregularly.

### LESS FAT FOR HEART

In an eight-year survey covering 108 patients with heart-attack history, Dr. L. M. Morrison of Los Angeles, established that reduction of fat intake increased life expectancy.

Fifty patients were studied on whole wheat grain, yeast, skim milk and fruit and these patients averaged 31 pounds less of weight. At the end of eight years twenty of these patients still survived at an average age of seventy years.

Of the non-dieting fifty, only twelve were still alive, their average age being 62 years.

### ACIDOSIS

You may find yourself feeling tired, have bad-mood feeling in stomach, and no desire for food. You skip out or two meals, perhaps take a dose of aspirin and feel all right again. This condition is called acidosis, not because the blood and tissues are in an acid condition, but because they are nearly in an acid condition — less alkaline than they should be.

Treatment is to eat more alkaline foods — vegetables and fruits — and less acid foods — meat, eggs, fish. Intake of baking soda, two or three times a day, may help.

### INFECTED TONSILS

There is a tendency today to blame rheumatism on cold and dampness, eating too much starch food, injury in joints and emotional disturbances.

In the prophylactic schools in England, where rheumatism is so prevalent, it was found that it had no pre-cause of youngsters with rheumatism had infected tonsils. Infected teeth in the most common cause. While other conditions may be a factor in causing rheumatism, infection is the chief cause.

### HEART-STAB VICTIMS

Contrary to belief, aneurysms, accidental or intentional and other chest surgical, in the heart, need not always be fatal. According to Dr. J. F. Blum of the University of Michigan, the victim has a 60-70 per cent chance of recovery if surgery is immediate and the vessel not too extensive. Some patients have been on their feet 10 to 14 days after operation and suffer little or no after effects.

### HOLIDAY ULCERS

A warning from Dr. M. B. Jaffe in the Medical Times hints out at newer hydroxy-metals who won't take time out for good nourishing meals. The traveling involved in holiday-making induces travelers to grab quick snacks often in unsanitary premises, to drink too much soda-pop and to rely on hamburgers and hot dogs to tide them over—all good ulcer-promoting material, says Dr. Jaffe.

### OPERATION FOR SOME

There will always be the occasional blood-pressure patient who is not satisfied by the new pressure-reducing drugs. For this individual surgery can still be the answer. The operation, known as sympathectomy, involves cutting the nerve fibers on either side of the backbone. These nerves control the small blood vessels which burst with worry and anxiety resulting in increased blood pressure.

The operation, tried and many times proven, has fallen out of vogue with the introduction of the new drugs, but will still give years of active and comfortable living to the few who do not respond to the drugs.

### MELANCHOLY

Unless complaining of intense chest irritation here, in some cases, have found to have induced the condition by depression and melancholia. This conclusion, advanced by British medical minds, is supported by the fact that electro-shock treatment usually clears up the depression—and the irritations.

### CREEPING AGE

With much emphasis, romance and commercialism upon "youth," it is surprising to note in one's own face the signs of creeping age: sagging, creasing and pouching of the skin due to a distention of the skin's

natural oils.

Prominent dermatologists advise that aging skin should not be overly exposed to the drying elements of sun and wind to be washed with among soaps or detergents.

Lubrication can be provided by using cold creams, especially those with a lanoline content. Washing with soap should be limited to twice a week. Hormone creams benefit some cases by increasing the skin's ability to retain moisture, thus planning out small wrinkles and giving a firmer texture. Facial massage is also beneficial as it tones up facial muscles and increases circulation. "Face lifting" is a last resort as its benefits are of short duration.

### SUCCESS IS A KILLER

The jet and stress age is progressing so many years and inexperienced persons also possess of authority first physicians and scientists are concerned what the outcome may be on the permanency of these involved.

An individual's capacity for tension has a danger limit beyond which it is unsafe to proceed. Overloading the brain with the impediments of responsibility can cause serious breakdowns.

In the middle twenties and early thirties we demonstrate most positively how much of a mental load we can carry. Adding to this capacity in the years between 35-45 can bring disaster.

Portents for excessive loaded beyond capacity.

Excessive smoking, drinking and rich meals. Live simply.

Relax utterly on vacation and arrange more delegation of authority, more leisure, more exercise.

### NO SURE WAY

What won't cure a cold would fill a book. What will, is something still to be discovered. Meanwhile, don't be fooled into expecting immunity by

Chomping up on vitamins. Your general health may improve but vitamins pills neither banish nor deter colds.

Donner with ariflozolin. Wonder drugs are exceedingly helpful once a cold has developed—before, they are powerless. The same can be said of aspirins, beneficial only when the cold is in force.

Sleepers in fresh air. This will neither sound sleep but won't deter cold germs. A draught will invite them in.



"Do you want the complete, unabridged version of what happened, or a condensation?"



"... the children are fine; Aunt Aggie's rheumatism is about the same; the price of flour is up three coppers; the Williams bought a new car ..."

# I nearly

by ERIC MUSPRAIT

## ATE MY MATE



Our intentions were honourable . . . we were going to rescue

a shipwrecked heroine . . . then we got to talking about food.

THIRTY-ONE years ago I went on a lovely wild goose chase across Northern Australia, spending 75 months' worth of those golden sands of time which run so unaccountably.

I'd been in Australia before as a seaman, but knew little of its great back country when, on this occasion, a bloke called Bill deserted an American ship with me at Newcastle.

"Let's go north," I said.

"How far can we go? What I mean is, what's the last name on the map in this man's head?" he asked.

"Thursday Island. But better say, Cooktown."

"Let's go, fella!"

We went just like that. But, being sailing men, we went straight into the first decade pub. There, after some few beers, we hired a tale of a long called the "Douglas Mawson" which had been wrecked in the Gulf of Carpentaria. We checked on this tale later. Wooden boxes of the brig had been found on a lonely beach of Arnhem Land, charred by burning, and human bones, also charred and slung about, with naked torselets.

A cannibal feast! In White Australia, 1931! But what interested us was that the brig captain's wife and daughter were on board. Further-

more, local legend had it that these particular savages were peculiarly superstitious about white women. They never killed them; they kept them as princesses or goddesses, or something.

Our youthful minds were appalled by the prospect of these two, one young, being held in that barbarous isolation until they died. I'm nearly 60 now and, looking back on youth's untroubled urges, I don't blame myself for that rather silly trip. Certain details return with surprising clearness.

"Well, Eric, here's Gurne. Which way from here did they say their damns went?"

"Oh, it's a long way yet, Bill. I had a look at a map and I think we'd better cut across from Cooktown to Normanston—a few hundred miles—then get right into Arnhem Land."

"Let's go!"

It took us nearly a month to do what looked about 100 miles on the map from Gurne to Cooktown. We got to the Dumaresq River after several days of sleeping along sunny beaches where drift grew wild and free, with little fish in coral pools outside, kimpets, whollies, winkles and

similar food with cool fresh water streams coming out of basement basins.

Then came a river mouth, middle-aged, about 25 miles wide, flowing into clear blue sea. A walk of 25 days brought us to a point where coasters to visit some Swamps banks with miles of mangroves where shingle gave their awful billowing backs around us. We slept between two fires at night, or up in trees. We had some bad nights.

"Goodness, Eric! Why'd we ever leave the sea?"

"Take it easy, Bill. Those shingle eyes don't be 'yassin, they're too small. Too close together."

A hurricane hit us over us one night and we both kept up, squaring round in the burning darkness.

About two weeks after that my good mate, Bill, and I got around to the question of dividing lots to see which would eat the other. Just like that.

We got lost. Blasted. The country was sharply ridged, heavily forested and thickly swampy. You have to see it to realize the difficulties. Land went up and down like a redwood wave on a solidified sea and was as severely random as the sea.

Some days of the most punishing effort I've ever put in only got us a

couple of miles on—not too fine either, but crawling up and down, all over the place along tented water-courses.

Lays some, full of pebbles, giant slithering reptiles, voracious insects, sharp quartz rock and one amazing meaty-necked bodice creeping on.

It rained a lot. We lay down at night till three to light a fire, and let the rain fall on us. More than a week had gone since we'd breached our last food—a lib, tin of bully beef which Bill carefully divided on a flat stone, pushing a bit this way and that with a stick—we came to that cramped question.

A lot of things happened to make this grim consideration quite feasible. We both came to peeing crawling—because the other bloke didn't see you stagger and fall, and so one had to go in front, so we took it in turns to take the "lead" position in which one could keep an eye on the other.

Finally, it came to this. Bill sat on a stone and said, "One of us might not come here alive."

"How?"

"At sea, they call it drowning lots."

"You mean, Bill . . .?"

In memory, I can see him sitting there, a fair-haired, heavily built man with high cheekbones and small hard blue eyes, wide apart eyes which redressed their smallness and hardness, thin lips but grossly wide apart. A very tough specimen, but not a mean one.

"If I lose, pardner, I'll do the job myself."

"... So will I . . ."

That was about the best comeback I ever made. I quickly qualified it. "But listen, Bill. It wouldn't do much good. It wouldn't keep long in this weather."

"Yeah. It would. 'Remember the ocean we got dry?' eat strips of meat in

## "Hear that, Mum?"

A father in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., found two packets of cigarettes in his twelve-year-old son's pocket. The father said nothing, but when he returned from work next night he had two big black slogs for his son's smoking "enjoyment." The boy, as per orders, lighted up and scuffed down to puff it out. He took a few drags and turned green around the gills. His mother protested, but in vain. The father said he had to smoke

both slogs and no complaints.

When the heavy-eyed young man was about halfway through his second slog, his mother called the police and had her husband arrested for smoking a minor.

In court, the father and the magistrate headbowed back in their days of censored cigarettes. Then the magistrate asked the boy, "Are you going to smoke any more?"

The boy replied, "Never again."

"I think your dad was right," commented the magistrate, dismissing the charges.

She can't. Way back by then became, we did do that."

At that I liked. He was measuring me with his eyes like a butcher.

"We could do that! And who the hell's we going to be?"

Suddenly he laughed, and that saved everything.

"When we'd be all tangled up, pardner?"

"Look, Bill, old-timer. I'm not afraid to die, if I must, but not that way. I'll die when it comes . . . I think it's coming this trip. For both of us."

"Aw, he goddamned. We can't gonna die!" he said. "We'll get the hell outa here, Eric."

Getting the hell out sounded simple;

I was too weak, and too tired up at my need to know how we did get out, except that we crawled; we ate wild things that would either poison or nourish us, and they didn't poison us. A couple of weeks of starvation, day weakness, brought us on to a road and the road brought us to Cooktown, with help.

We got real food—good food—and couldn't eat it. We lay around regaining strength and because we had seen how impractical it was to go onland from Cooktown to Cairns, we gave up the idea and stowed away on a boat back to Cairns.

Then, the easiness of human nature asserted itself. We who had refused to eat each other, who had stuck together through the terrors and tortures of the tramp, we quarrelled. That is, we that my idea asserted itself again; I am out alone for the girl country and the two white women.

I fitted myself out with a shaggy and two labbooks for the women. Otherwise I had a pair of sandshoes, plus my original Newcastle dumpers, coat and pants—nothing else except a dilly bag for larder, salt, tobacco and matches. No shirt, socks or any such drills, not even a hat—let your hair grow and you don't need a hat.

In Cairns I overheard a girl say to me, "I love the way that big bald-ate walks around in bare feet as tho' he owned the town."

Traveling can be one of the worst ways of being alone. I missed Bill badly. Dreams of that lost white girl sustained me. Would we not marry and live happily ever after? Our romantic story could pass on from children to their children. This dull fact faded itself in sharing tales of fancy.

There were meads of exotic surroundings of the monstrous world in which Australia shows so happily. Following waterfalls in a dry land, with rain and, where only rain is needed for fruitfulness, I found bird life, animal and insect life as well as plant life all following the water. A string of billabongs along with watercourses,

## FINGER-PRINTING DIAMONDS

Some bad news for Diamond Stores was broadcast in a BBC programme recently when a reporter interviewed Mr. Robert Webster, the expert in charge of experiments which are being carried out in the laboratory of the Forensic Science Section of the London Chamber of Commerce.

Fortunately, few people are familiar with the routine of stealing diamonds, but an important part of it is the cutting of the stones into different shapes and sizes so that their owners will be unable to recognize them. The London Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Webster explained, is now experimenting with ultra violet light in securing photographic records of the inside structure of a diamond, with every tiny crystallized particle defined. This precious stone, so highly-prized for its sparkle, positively glows under ultra-violet light and the glow varies considerably with individual diamonds.

Some may be quite a bright blue, some a dull violet, others even green or yellow. The colour has nothing to do with the quality, but it makes a distinctive pattern which can be photographed.

Records of all big diamonds are now being kept by means of this new equipment and it would be equally possible, said Mr. Webster, to record a consignment of loose diamonds simply by making them one by one and taking a photograph of the glow under ultra-violet light. The diamonds would be left on the wax during transit and the photograph would act as an identity certificate.

sandy creek beds where you could dig and get a snake.

I touched indelible happiness and a beautiful finer thrill any before or since that has blessed me. Oaking to Normanton, by way of the Flinders and Norman Rivers with many a hole and corner of wilderness between, I reached my life's top weight: 18 stone 12 lb. I now regard reflected from still pools, all slaty-brown and bulging with good heart flesh.

People in Normanton confirmed more or less the yarn heard in Newcastle, and they gave me vague directions, advice and warnings.

Tobacco, salt and maitre came to an end soon after. That was all right. I made do with hardwood against softened (mostly native pine) or with gum against hardwood; but soon I found that raw food tastes better than cooked food.

Take salt grub, or whitish grub as they call them elsewhere: the common wood grub. They're the favorite food of possums, I'd read. They became my favorite, too. Better than yabbies. Better even than the fairly smooth flesh of catfish. Tossed on a stick, they curled into soft brownness and tasted nutty but meaty. Better than oysters (of which I've eaten a lot since in Hawaii). But raw salt grub — that's really something in delicious delicacy.

One of my best meals was a thing which would make a French saint on any menu—Smitty Gobbins was the Capetian's name. It's a shrub that I got alongside of and strip of its fat limb rather lazily and slowly and. Lovely stuff. You could get a goodidge in your belly from one bush. You could eat yourself into a sound sleep in its shade on a hot day.

Trusting little birds like doves did suit to my stomach, but this treacherous slaughter became mercifully unnecessary as one learned more about other food-eating. My mouth slugs watered at sight of a possum. Turkeys, too, were welcome until one looked at me so pathetically that I promised never to kill another. Toughest to chew were black redwood catfishes, for there too many condescendances smother them. Wild

ginger roots were good. Mounishment also came from tree-spawn, that soggy stuff which can be squeezed up in double handfuls from pools.

The sandstone had worn out long ago, and I went barefoot thereafter, tying my fine dargone coat by its sleeves around my brown waist, so that it hung in front like a sort of apron, with the dargone trousers slung over my shoulders. At night I put on these two garments as pyjamas and lay, with the dirty tee for a pillow, alongside a fire. Mounishment were laid in pieces.

After leaving Normanton and heading for the Flinders River, blacks snaked around me at night, causing me to sleep beyond the light of my campfire.

I moved on into some arid country where salt areas came, perhaps deeply among black mangrove and endless miles of swampy mias which I went up to my knees, waist and back as I descended forward from tree to tree. Mounishment, even at daytime, made little clouds of burning torment. I yelled and shrieked sometimes in an effort to make of discomfort. My original idea of pretending to be mad (which I'd read was one way to move your skin among savages) became surprisingly easy.

I put on some marvellous mad acts—especially between the Flinders and Lockhart Rivers—and convinced them with a ranting which was no more so to be mistaken.

I got quite beyond fear of the occasional black hunters concentrated there, simply using them for my own purpose. I started slowly until their eyeside blinked with surprise and suspense, then started them with sudden wide legs and yells, galloped myself into a great and noisy stillness, pointed and talked to the sky, the earth, to trees and to passing ants, drew pictures in the air and in the dust of my weapon of the big Double Moun and what they had done to her.

They became more sympathetic, forgetting their original hostility to the extent of allowing their wide-eyed and open-mouthed women to drift up and watch my performance.

In the end such a mixed mental

and emotional state set in, that I hardly knew what or who I was or what I'd done for. They gave me food when I was hungry and drink when I was thirsty. Everybody became friendly.

I thought in a sort of quiet panic that they would keep me forever and that I should forget everything else. That was my last really coherent and decisive thought. I left them. I abandoned my search and my old dreams of romance, because some of those girls were beginning to look more beautiful to me than any white women had ever been.

I turned back towards civilization. It took me a couple of months of solid plodding to get out of the Rag River country. The travelling wet season seemed to be at my very heels for weeks.

I walked on and on eastwards to get back to civilization, over dusty barren stretches, between swollen rivers and creeks, peeding, urinating and drifting along on floating logs, being carried too far northwards where terrible thickets of dense scrub fringed the water's edge, always strutting variously towards where I reckoned the great civilization to be.

Rivers that could be waded across in the dry became swine wade in the wet. On that stream of moving water, mostly a muddy brown, but sometimes reflecting pure blue from above, with about shadows fleetly white appearing as drenched patches beneath me, one could feel like a lost soul, resigned to oblivion.

Birds sailed along the surface or over it, vestiges so much finer than earthbound ones. Things floated, dead or alive, from ants, caterpillars, beetles, bees, snakes (some far coiled up to broad carcasses of cattle upon which alligators preyed). There also floated leaves, grass and sticks up to whole trees and patches of tangled scrub like islands.

An awful longing for the sea came to me: the familiar salt water representing unity as against the apparent insanity of this trip across. But travelling this was hard work: waded sea travelling in that sun rose and set, also the moon in its phases, and the old well-known stars divided likewise in their right sky. An eternal rhythm of universal movement made my little moving camp, gave it a dignity of patience and acceptance.

I reached a township called Forth, and the sight of corrugated iron roofs reminded me that the long, lonely days were over. From then on it was ordinary dealing with white men, whereas before, with the blacks, it was a much bigger, a supremely human affair.

Perhaps the shore conveys something of the sheer strangeness of this experience. Perhaps such a thing can never be conveyed.

About ten years ago, I flew down over it from Tokyo via various photos, looking continuously from the clouds at its tangled stretches of utter wildness.

Among other backward thoughts was a deep wondering whether perhaps, after all, my one-time dream-land would be still down there.

## They Kicked The Corpses' Shins!

The man appeared before the desk of Lieutenant John F. Pettit, of the Boston, U.S. Police, seeking a night's lodging.

The police officer stared when the stranger produced papers to prove himself a veteran of World War I, who had supposedly drowned, his body "identified"

and buried some two months before in Newburyport.

"For days at a time people whom I've known for a long time have met me on Boston streets and have told me I've died. I've had people pinch my arms and kick me on the shins and then disappear."

A phone call by Lieutenant Pettit established the truth of the story and set in motion the machinery to try to unravel the mystery as to whose body was buried in Newburyport under this live man's name—Joseph Peters.



"Dance Torkill . . ."



"If you go and phone the police,  
I'll get away!"



"and Clamwell, don't call me . . . I'll call you."

# She hanged her man

She was very beautiful and very bad, but the jurymen were French!

By ZETA ROTHCHILD



To become a court dancer, a murder must provide at least one outstanding feature. The notorious Gouffé case of France does more than meet this minimum. It offers the pitiless woman killer, the most ruthless and abandoned crime and the most cold-blooded fellow conspirator. It was almost perfect.

To the office of the local police station one hot summer day came a very nervous young man to report that his brother-in-law, Augustin Gouffé, was missing. Asked for more detail, Karl Landry said Gouffé was a prosperous hotel and process server with offices on the Rue Montmartre.

Inspector Morin got into action immediately and set off for the office of Gouffé. He checked with Gouffé's business associates and asked what they knew of his affairs that might account for his disappearance.

"Did you notice anything unusual that morning when you arrived?" asked Morin.

The manager nodded. "It looked as if Monsieur Gouffé's desk had been searched. Some papers were ruffled, but what surprised me most was that a packet of notes amounting to fourteen thousand francs had not been taken."

"That was odd. If a thief had been there, he must certainly would have taken the money."

Detectives began tracing down Gouffé's movements on the night of his disappearance. He had been seen at his favorite cafe near the Madeleine. Toward ten he was joined by an exceedingly pretty brunette. They left together, but in what direction he had gone along the dimly lighted streets, no one knew.

Only one bit of news came to the

police during the following week. The postman, Jean Salomon, had been collecting mail from a box at the foot of the stairs that led to Gouffé's office. He noticed a man close the door above and shut down.

In the dim light Salomon had mistaken the man for Gouffé and spoken him. The man, without saying a word, pulled his hat down further over his eyes, and walked quickly away.

Two weeks passed. Gorn, head of the Surete Generale, sent a circular letter to all branches throughout the country with a description of Gouffé.

A number of replies came in, but the descriptions did not come up to official expectations. Then, on the 15th of August, a telegram was received from the chief of police of Millery, a district close to Lyons in the north of France.

A couple loitering on the highway

had decided to climb down a steep hill to the woods, and on the way they stumbled upon a sack which gave off a nauseating odor. Alarmed, they did not hurry to examine it, but hurried off to notify the police.

The sack, brought to Millery for examination, was tied with a red-and-white silk cord. Upon opening the sack they found the naked body of a man trussed up with the same red-and-white cord. His head was covered with a piece of heavy black cloth and also tied.

Goren suggested that the body be sent to Paris where Dr. Paul Bernart, coroner for the State, could perform the autopsy.

Before the letter's report was ready, another message came in from Millery. Goren's postman had come across the remains of a trunk which had evidently been thrown over a parapet down a steep hill. On landing it had smashed. It seemed a strange place to abandon a trunk, and the odor emanating from it was anything but pleasing. It could only be comparable to the smell of the decomposed body recently found and the local officials concluded that the trunk must have been the coffin in which the body had been brought to this section of France.

So far the identity of the corpse was not settled. Goren's hair was auburn and the hair on the dead man was almost black. Acting on a hunch, Goren slipped off a lock and washed it carefully. It came out a delicate auburn.

With this fact definitely established, Goren checked further and discovered that an upper right molar had been missing from Goren's bridge. This particular tooth was also missing in the jaws in the mouth of the corpse.

Realized that this was the corpse of Anastasia Gaborin, Goren began to concentrate on the trunk.

One of the two unlabeled stickers remaining on the trunk showed it had been sent from Paris to Lyons on the 15th of July. That was the day after poor Goren had disappeared. The other, faded by the sun, was also identified. It had brought the trunk from London to Paris in July. Although Goren scrutinized the interior of the trunk very carefully with magnifying glasses for some

## CANDID KID

Two New York detectives, William Funderburg and Arthur Woods, solved the mysterious disappearance of an anonymous camera gun from the Museum of Science and Industry in March, 1933. For weeks, they had been investigating a rumormong that a heavy calibre machine-gun had been seen on the East Side. The rumormong started when a boy tried to sell a contraption that "looked like a machine-gun but wasn't." He couldn't get a buyer even when he reduced the price to one dollar, and finally loaded the \$20 dollar machine under a pile of coal in his cellar where it was found by the detectives.

The thirteen-year-old boy, charged with juvenile delinquency, is free but had the camera's barrel in the same month. He told police, "I just tucked it under my arm and walked out."

trademark or identifying symbols, there was nothing more he could learn from it.

The Savaris viewed the reassembled trunk at the morgue and ascertained that anyone who could identify its former owner would be rewarded with five hundred francs.

A number of people came and quite a few made suggestions, but not until a letter was received from England did Goren breathe a happy sigh. A clerk in a luggage shop thought he recognized the trunk from a photo appearing in a London daily. He had said one just like it to a French couple on the 15th of July and they had taken it away in a cab. He remembered that the man had called the woman "Gabrielle."

Goren took action immediately and phoned Scotland Yard asking them to arrange for the visit of Henri

Goren, the clerk, to Paris as the guest of the Savaris. Three days later he was at the airport with Goren. The young man walked slowly around the trunk, scanned it carefully and then nodded. That was the very trunk he had sold to the extractors Gabrielle and her court.

Scotland Yard was asked then to join the hunt for the couple and the French police again offered a reward for any information about them. This time the response was quick. A notice stopped in at headquarters and said he remembered the French couple.

The notice took a detective to the house where the couple had gone. The housekeeper remembered the couple, too. The man's first name was Michel, she had heard the woman call him that several times. They had given their name as Laberde but she was suspicious about it. One time she had addressed him as "Mistère Laberde" and he did not turn until the woman noticed him. Then both laughed.

The French police had two names to work with, Gabrielle and Michel, the former beautiful and young, the latter, middle-aged, bearded and stocky. Michel's description fitted the postman's picture of the man he had seen coming out of Goren's office the evening of his disappearance.

Frequently a man and woman in criminal circles are linked together so continually that one is never mentioned without the other, but there was no record of Gabrielle or Michel in any such partnership. Of course it was quite possible that the couple were no longer in Paris. Goren deduced on a hunch that would reach the average person and insured a notice in the Paris newspapers which read:

"Wanted: Information of Monsieur Michel Laberde and Gabrielle, his wife. He Paris at the end of July."

To his great surprise many answers came in but only one had any real bearing on the case. It was from Paris, from that concourse of a hotel at No. 3 Rue de Trévise on Courbevoie.

"I had that couple," said the woman. There was no hesitancy in her voice. "I do not know where they are. But I hope you will find them."

The Laberde couple had rented a two-room apartment opening on the courtyard. They moved in the beginning of July, went to London and Marseille. They returned and stayed a while, then went off for good.

"What have you against them, madam?" asked Goren.

"Innocent, a palmy! I cannot let it down and every tourist who looks at it shudders. What did they want with a palmy?"

Goren departed, deep in thought. When Dr. Bernart had handed over his report on the autopsy to Goren, it said that death had come from a broken neck. That red-and-white silk cord knotted around the corpse's neck had not been drawn tight. The man, strange as it seemed, had come to his death by hanging.

That same day Goren and Inspector Morn returned to the apartment formerly inhabited by the Laberdes. Its two front windows looked out on a courtyard and the room was divided by a heavy red damask curtain which hung from ceiling to floor. Behind

## HOW ARE OARS MUFFLED?

Oars are muffled by wrapping something around them where they come in contact with the oarlocks. That, of course, is to deaden the noise. When Paul Revere started on his famous midnight ride to Lexington a postman was used to muffle the creak of the boat in which he crossed the Charles River. It is referred to in the following tragic sentence in "The Battle of April 19, 1775," by Frank Colburn: "Fearing that the noise of the oars in the oarlocks might alarm the sentry, Revere despatched one of his companions for something to muffle them with, who soon returned with a postman, yet warm from the body of a fair daughter of liberty, who was glad to contribute to the cause."

In those days it was a common practice to muffle oars with sheep-skins.

this cartoon was the pulley the woman had mentioned.

Goron climbed up on a chair for a closer examination.

"Take a look at this cord," he said to Moran, handing him a piece from the pulley.

It was the same red-and-white silk cord found on the corpse in the Military Woods!

The murder scene wasn't difficult to recreate. Geoffie had been under the pulley. Somehow the noose—the red-and-white silk cord—had been placed around his neck. Then a second party, working from behind the curtain, had manipulated the pulley.

The unhappy man had been drawn up slowly until his feet were off the ground. The catch on the pulley was strong. It would hold him tight and Geoffie had probably put up a terrific struggle until he died.

With the information supplied by the coroner, Goron soon learned that the right names of the couple were Gabrielle Bonapart and Michel Eyraud. The woman, not more than twenty and very pretty, often had prominent leaves who could be sure of her affections as long as their money lasted. Apparently Gabrielle was an expensive companion.

Then Eyraud had had more than one encounter with the law. He had been in some way while still in his teens, had studied in the Foreign Legion and been sent to Mexico.

Turned out the hangings of military life, he deserted and returned to France, where he became involved in several anonymous business deals. At the moment he had abandoned his wife and three children and gone off with the pretty Gabrielle.

Goron soon tracked the couple to

London, but they had already slipped to the United States. New York police were warned, but again the couple eluded the law.

While the search continued in the States, Goron was steadily building up his case against the missing pair. Photographs of Bonapart and Eyraud were shown to the clerk who had sold the trunk, and he recognized them as the purchasers. The heavy red-and-white silk cord had come from Peter Robinson's department store and the saleswoman remembered that Eyraud, who spoke English fluently, had asked for the strongest cord available.

The soaking in which the corpse was laid, had been bought by Gabrielle on the Rue Montmartre. The pulley came from London and the proprietor of a small leather shop, which did repair work, told of coming to the apartment to put two extra, heavy bands of iron around the trunk.

"What are you going to put in here that it needs the extra chains?" he had asked.

The two had looked embarrassed but neither answered.

In spite of the dragnet, Gabrielle and Michel managed to be one more ahead of the detectives.

Then the last week in January, a card was brought in and had on Goron's desk. It was addressed: "Mademoiselle Gabrielle Bonapart."

"It must be a joke," murmured Goron, but his curiosity was not so. He ordered the young woman brought in.

It was the gorgeous Gabrielle, gleaming in a satin frock under a ceiling light.

"You have been hunting for me,"

she began, "and I have come to you now . . ."

She had met and won the love of a good man and she wanted that before they marry she should clear her name. That was why she was here to tell how that terrible Eyraud had killed poor Geoffie.

"He told me he had some business to talk over with Geoffie," went on Gabrielle, telling her brown eyes at Goron, "and asked me to retire to the other room. It was an hour later when he came to the door 'It's over,' he said 'Come and see.' And there was poor Geoffie hanging from that pulley—dead!"

While she wept and prayed Eyraud had laid out the body. He swore to tell her if she told, she married. Together they had taken the trunk to Lyons and disposed of it. Later they had come on to Marseilles and thrown the dead man's clothing into the ocean. Then they fled to London and the States. Now she was back and would testify against Eyraud.

"And where is he now?" asked Goron.

"He said something about going to Havana."

There was no doubt in her mind but that Goron had accepted her story, and feeling quite pleased with herself, Gabrielle got up to go. As she held out her hand, he opened a drawer of his desk, saying, "I have something for you."

He held out a warrant for her arrest.

"It has been waiting much too long, madam," said Goron as he rang for the guards to remove the shivering woman.

Six months later Eyraud was trailed through the United States and down into Mexico. Finally in Havana, detectives caught up with him. Both Eyraud and Bonapart were accused of the murder of Augustin Geoffie and went on trial together in December, 1930. Gabrielle stuck to her story of complete innocence.

But Eyraud, knowing he had no hope, told a different story. It was Gabrielle who had packed out Geoffie, a former lover, for their victim.

Gabrielle had brought Geoffie to the house, lured him to the sofa which had been placed in front of the curtain that hid the pulley. Then Gabrielle sat on his lap and laughingly wound a red-and-white silk cord round his neck.

"What a pretty necktie my dressing gown cord makes for you," she had said. "It becomes you very much."

Those words were the signal for Eyraud to start pulling.

The rest of the story was as Gabrielle had told it.

But this was a sentimental age. It was hard for the jury to believe that one so pretty and so lovely as Gabrielle could plan such a diabolical murder.

They stood in the prisoner's box together as sentences was pronounced. Eyraud got the death sentence, Gabrielle only twenty years of penal servitude. Eyraud shrugged his shoulders, but Gabrielle, her face livid with hate, turned to Eyraud and whispered, "At least I shall live to celebrate your trip to the gallows, my friend!"

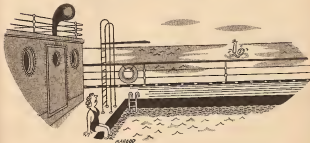
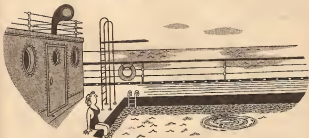
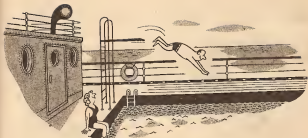
## WHAT'S THE RECORD LENGTH FOR

### an elephant tusk?

The longest elephant tusk of which there is authentic record is eleven feet six and one-half inches in length, and eighteen inches in circumference at its girth. This tusk and its mate, which is somewhat shorter, weigh together 365 lbs. They were taken from an elephant of the Indian species which was shot a short distance from the border of Ethiopia at the beginning of the 19th century.

Kent Meredith of Albany, N.Y. obtained possession of the two tusks which, finally, by way of the London ivory market, were brought to the National Collection of Mammals and Birds in New York. Single elephant tusks weighing 256 lbs. and measuring 38 inches in circumference have been reported but these have not been verified.

The largest Indian elephant tusk on record is 8 feet 9 inches in length, its maximum circumference is 17½ inches and it weighs 311 lbs. David Livingstone, the famous African missionary and explorer, reported that African elephants sometimes lift their young from the ground on their great tusks and carry them for a considerable distance. The average newly born calf of this species weighs 280 lbs. and stands about three feet high. The African elephant is much more savage than his Indian counterpart who is comparatively docile and easy to handle.



# 200 feet of TERROR



Unbelievable monsters were seen by the most reliable witnesses: yet research has shown these creatures do not exist.

TWO hundred years ago, one of Scandinavia's most revered clergymen, Olaf Kjebo, sacrificed a comfortable position to go on an extremely dangerous mission to Greenland. He was a man of high principles; nobody who studied his life would entertain the thought that he could have—knowingly—or even unwittingly—lied. But he wrote a startling report when he returned:

"On the 26th of July, 1794, when off the north coast of Greenland, a sea monster appeared to us, whose head, when raised, was on a level with our main-top. Its mouth was long and sharp and it blew water almost like a whistle; it had large, broad flippers; its skin was rough and uneven; in other respects it was as a serpent; and when it dived, its tail, which was raised in the air, appeared to be a whole ship's length from the body."

Kjebo was convinced that he wrote the truth. Before him, authors like Olaf Magnus tried for various reasons to impress their readers with tales of terror. The Sea-Serpent described by Magnus was "200 feet in length and 20 feet around. Consequently it would snap men from the deck of the vessel."

Kjebo abstained from such fabulous assertions. He SAW a monster-like sea-creature and described it exactly as HE saw it. He may have made, of course, an error of judgment.

A few years after this was written, Erik Pontopidan, Bishop of Bergen, denounced a number of Sea-Serpents, evidence about many having been taken on oath. He wrote:

"Though it is difficult to ascertain the exact dimensions, yet all who have seen it are unanimous in affirming that it appears to be 200 feet long, that it lies in the water in many folds, and three appears like so

many heads floating in a line, at a considerable distance from each other."

It is a very different tale from that of Kjebo. Its 200 feet make it look an exactly three times taller story than that of Olaf Magnus. Yet there is a redeeming feature in Pontopidan's account; the vision of "so many heads floating in a line" may give the clue to the truth. Pontopidan's "Sea-Serpent" could have been a line of porpoises swimming one behind the other. When they do so, they often rise regularly to take breath. This exercise could easily have been mistaken for a sea-serpent progressing by a series of vertical undulations.

Pontopidan went further and described the fabulous Kraken. Kraken is, according to our author, "much like an island than an animal." Its back had a "circumference of half a mile or more. Its arms are sometimes as high as the masts of a ship of the average size. . . . If they would get hold of the biggest warship, it would go down. . . . The common tale are nothing but fables."

To the credit of Pontopidan it should be said that there are no sworn statements in his book by sailors or fishermen saying, "I was there when our ship went around on the back of a Kraken."

The year 1837 brought the Great American Sea-Serpent. In August of that year reports reached the scientific circles of Boston, Massachusetts, that a great sea-serpent was frequently seen both in the harbor of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and a short distance out in the sea. On the 26th of August a man on Gloucester Harbor could observe it from a distance of about 150 yards. The head was about 1 foot above the

water. The portion of the body he saw was about 30 feet in length.

The animal moved at the enormous speed of 20-30 miles per hour. After its first appearance, the monster was seen by ten more persons on the 12th, 13th, 14th and 23rd of the month. One of the witnesses, Matthew Galspeth, saw it from a distance of ten yards and felt that he had to dive at it in order to prevent something worse from happening.

"I aimed at his head," he said in his deposition—"and I think I must have hit him. . . . The monster went down but reappeared at a distance of 100 yards and continued playing as before."

On the 26th of August, 1838, a Sea-Serpent showed up which was destined to become and remain the most famous in history. Two months after the event, on the 10th of October, 1838, the London "Times" said:

"When the Dundee frigate, Captain McQuhee . . . was on her passage home . . . between the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, her captain and most of her officers and crew, at four o'clock . . . afternoon, saw a serpent. The creature was twenty minutes in sight of the frigate . . . and there was about sixty feet of its body as a straight line on the surface. It is calculated that there must have been under water a length of thirty or forty feet more, by which it propelled itself at the rate of 15 miles an hour. The diameter of the body was about sixteen inches; and when it extended its jaws, which were full of large, barred teeth, they seemed sufficiently enormous to admit of a tall man standing upright between them."

The "Times" stood there, as it does now, at the top of the newspaper world; no wonder that the Sea-

Sergeant's promotion from obscure local postoffice to the shining publicity of "The Times" came as a bombshell. The Admiralty ordered at once an inquiry into the matter and the day after "The Times" report Captain McQuhee sent the Admiralty a reply, in which he requested practically everything published in "The Times."

The combined authority of the navy and "The Times" was "unfathomably expensive" to spare Captain McQuhee agonies like the above ones. His statements were treated with full respect by all. The only exceptions were the pronounced humorists, led by the humorous weekly, "Punch," still very young and very daring at that time. The scientific world took the description of Captain McQuhee at its face value and the dunces—*a lovely set*—which tolerated, concerned only the interpretation of what were regarded as unquestionable facts.

The questionable aspects of the argument . . . and they comprised 80 percent of the storm, but themselves very well to the whimsical imagination.

"Punch" came out with a "serpent suit," presumably to be worn by McQuhee afterwards: a beautiful creation tailored at the waist by a dried specimen of the serpent itself.

Not far behind these whimsies came fashion itself, taking advantage of the human capacity for novelty and ostentation.

Sergeant came, carried in replica of the hidden monster of the depths, overnight became a gentleman's accessory.

Ladies, not to be outdone, wore hosiery and ornaments in agonous shapes and affected pained expressions to represent the devil of the deep.

The lighter side of the sea serpent craze illustrated with what little regard the general public held Cap-

## ANCIENT CEREMONY SAVED

For over one thousand and sixty-nine years the cathedral city of Ripon in Yorkshire has had an office called a "Wakenman," whose duty it is to ward his horn at the four corners of the market square and outside the mayor's house at nine o'clock every night. The ancient ceremony has been carried on without a break since King Alfred granted Ripon its charter in 866. The ancient Wakenman's horn first blown in that year, and now preserved in silver bands, is carried by the city's Sergeant at Mace in the ceremonial procession that takes place on the five Horn days each year—Easter Sunday, Whit Sunday, August Bank Holiday, Christmas Day and Mayor's Sunday.

It was therefore a serious matter for the people of Ripon, when last year the commemoration of the seventy-eight year old Wakenman presented to break one of their oldest traditions. It was not the fact that the horn of old standing a year had lost much of its value in the last few hundred years that prevented townspeople from applying for the post, but the darkness that the Wakenman could never leave Ripon, for every day in fair weather and foul he must be at his appointed place at the appointed hour dressed in his three-cornered hat and long brown coat. Ripon men of today who like to take a holiday occasionally, or even catch a late train back from a day by the sea with their families, hesitated to apply for such a job.

The Ripon city fathers came to the reluctant conclusion that a slight change in tradition was unavoidable, and they decided to appoint two Wakenman at £12 a year each. Many townspeople and country people were shown, as the two Wakenman, both having first satisfied the committee that they could catch the particular note on the horn that Ripon experts and held it for forty-two seconds. The previous record of fifty-two seconds, made many years ago, was unbroken.

tain McQuhee's extravagant claims. But men of learning continued to pump out the evidence.

Foremost among the scientists who tried to find the correct interpretations were E. Newman, Editor of the "Zoologist," and Britain's most eminent naturalist, Professor Richard Owen. Editor Newman suggested that

the monster was a surviving specimen of the long-necked plesiosaurus reptile.

Professor Owen came to the conclusion that Captain McQuhee's "Sea-Serpent" was actually a great seal, a sea-elephant which must have been accidentally carried from the Antarctic natural domain by a floating iceberg. The poor creature, having lost its last piece of seabird by accident, would naturally urge its way steadily southwards, back to its home, as McQuhee's Sea-Serpent was said to have been doing.

In 1858, a Captain F. Smith, of the ship "Pekin" had at the same spot exactly the same experience as Captain McQuhee. He had seen, at a distance of about half-a-mile, a creature which was described by all hands to be the great Sea-Serpent but proved to be a piece of pine-tree saw-wood.

"I have no doubt"—he says in his report—"that the great Sea-Serpent seen from the 'Pekin' was a piece of the same wood."

The saw-wood theory looks the most tempting of all the explanations brought forward, mainly because it is so unscientific. However, it looks not quite fair to Captain McQuhee to compare visions of an image appearing at a distance of 400-1,000 yards with something he claims to have seen from the closest of quarters. The facts, however, remain, that monster of sea-wood, is deceptive shapen, are floating around in Wales far more frequently than either porpoise-like reptiles or home-bred sea-elephants.

## ROBOT "BRAIN" KNOWS ITS LANGUAGES

What was example of new production (into pay to machine a calendar. . . . The sentence in French had been typed out and transferred to a perforated sheet, which was fed into the machine. The machine chattered, cackled, moved and whirled. Lights blinked; there was a clicking of keys, and out came the English version: "This is an example of a translation made by the machine for education installed at the laboratory of computation of Rutherford College, London."

"This is a matter of investigation," said Dr. A. D. Booth, head of the laboratory. He predicted a future for such machines in translating news from cable and radio messages, for editorial use, or in translating speeches at international conferences.

The present machine is a large valve-studded panel with cross-reading wires, a great many condensers, relays and similar gadgets, and with a "memory" stored in a three metal cylinders. Such a machine is not likely to find a place either in a schoolroom or an editor's "den." But, says Dr. Booth, when the valves are replaced by transistors—minute amplifiers no bigger than matchsticks—the translator will fit into a shoe box.

# A "First" in Racing

The punters stuck their necks out to make fun of Melbourne's first race meeting.



By GEORGE REDBANK

LESS than three years before, Balmain had called the *Rebeccas* his part Philip Bay, and already the village possessed 800 inhabitants.

For the settlers, days were short, but nights were long, and when they gathered at Featherin's Tavern to read Featherin's *Advertiser* over a pint of beer, it was noticed that they should discuss matters by which their lives could be made brighter.

It was just as natural that someone should suggest a race meeting, for which the only incentives were horses and men.

The first Philip Turt Club was formed by those men who frequented Featherin's Tavern. A committee immediately arranged details for the first meeting to be held on March 7, followed by another the next day.

The programme of races was:

**FIRST DAY** From Plate of 25 sovs. Entrance 2l.; to be run over two miles. Three-year-olds, 5d. 1lb.; four-year-olds, 5d.; five-year-olds, 5d. 5lb.

**Second** Purse of 25 sovs. Entrance 2l., to be run over a mile and a distance. Three-year-olds, 5d. 1lb.; four-year-olds, 5d. 5lb.; five-year-olds, 11d. 10lb.; six-year-olds, and aged, 12d. To be run in heats.

**SECOND DAY** Hunter Stakes of 25 sovs. Gentlemen riders to be run over 1 mile and a distance, with 5 leaps of 4ft.; catch weights.

**Third** Horse Stakes of 25 sovs.

The course was a rough back track, extending from Balmain's Hill (where Spencer Street Station now stands) across a muddy flat to the rising slopes of Northam Hill (now North Melbourne).

The weather was kind to the enterprising-buffery citizenry, and the harness and their families came to the rendezvous in a cheerful spirit. The men, wearing blue shirts, corduroy trousers, and oil-skin-tree hats, gathered with enthusiasm around the drinking booths, children played happily and carelessly on the track itself, and on the cool slopes, women spread the contents of lunch baskets in picnic array.

The scenes for merry making—which was the actual reason—does not appear to have played a really

important part in the day's activities, and its chief historical significance is that the Turt Plate of 25 sovs. was the forerunner of the Melbourne Cup. And as a further historical—and possibly—note, it is recorded that the small cart which served as bar, dispersed rum, brandy, ginger beer, bottled porter, and Jamaica rum.

The most recently-memorable feature of the meeting, evidently, was the contest which closed the entertainment of the first day: a collar-winning contest.

The rules were simple, and were adapted from an earlier English version of the pastime. Competitors merely placed their hands through a horse-collar and grained, and the man whose facial contortions were adjudged to be most spectacular and/or horrible, won the prize.

A tidbit of horse man, "Big Mick," was appointed master of ceremonies, and the five competitors paraded so that the spectators might view them.

Immediately, one named Thomas Curran was installed as public enemy. A carpenter of about 50, his sparse hair was cropped close, and was so red as to make him appear as though he wore a scarlet skull cap. His sphenoid mouth was slightly crooked, and the grin he gave by way of preliminary displayed an enormous set of tooth-like teeth.

"Big Mick" waited him back—which, obviously, he didn't need—and the contest started.

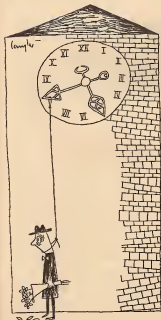
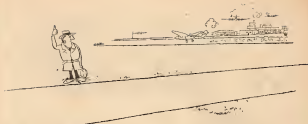
His elevation to the favorite's place was indeed justified. Although the others tried half-heartedly to overcome his initial alert, they were hopelessly beaten. In fact, one competitor was cautioned to remark that if he thought for an instant he could defeat Curran, he would take immediately to the bush, thereby placing an apt distance between himself and ordinary people.

So ended Melbourne's first race meeting—and its first and only recorded "collar-winning contest."

## WHICH IS LARGER...

## CANADA OR THE UNITED STATES?

The Dominion of Canada has a greater area than continental United States, and the British North America, including Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador, has a greater area than the United States proper and all its miscellaneous territory, including Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, the Philippines, etc. The area of the United States proper is about 3,025,000 square miles. Thus the Dominion of Canada has a greater area than the combined area of the United States proper and Alaska, which is about 3,077,000 square miles. Newfoundland and that part of Labrador attached to it have an area of 192,000 square miles, making the total area of British North America 3,269,000 square miles. The gross land and water area of the United States and of all its territories and possessions is 3,735,000 square miles.



# The

# frozen slowaway



A footloose citizen far from home, found himself a billet on boat—below zero in the tropics.

"THERE I, and O. Haer, 'Roumipudi' by accidently alongside the wheel at Marseilles. A notice on her quilt gangway announced she was due to sail at 4 p.m. that day for Port Said.

I, Ed broke and hungry, was longing to get home to Australia.

Bolting French wharves were carrying cases of fruit along a lower gangway which led to an opening in the ship's side. Turning my peaked cap back to front and tying a handkerchief around my neck for disguise, I acted a case.

Aboard! Just like that.

At the bottom of some steps a massive door confronted me. Then footsteps sounded from up the steps. I crouched in a shadowy corner. A tall bearded half man wearing a long blue smock descended and went to that door. He had only to turn his head to see me, but he concentrated on uncracking various gadgets until the big door swung open—it was almost a foot thick, lined with heavy metal.

He switched on some lights and went on. As the sound of his footsteps went further, I followed. A barrel-shaped compartment stretch-

ed away, dimly lit at intervals, into this great ship's interior. Bags, boxes and barrels were stacked along the walls. Most hung on hooks. It felt cold.

His footsteps began to return, so I slipped behind some boxes, seeing his feet walk past me. The door closed. Then the lights went out. Silence.

Wadded there, not moving, lost in dreams of sunny Australia and of a French girl I loved in Marseilles, an interesting coldness came.

Gradually I became aware that my back was against cool pipes and, on further reflection, realized that this was the ship's freezing chamber. Body heat decreased as the hours went on.

A terrible hunger, a chase of discomfort made my effort, or even thought, more and more difficult.

Only pain in soul, somebody said. It became my sole reality now—an ever present pain. Grinding madly, confining my mouth to its faintest extent, frost cracked on stiffened cheeks. Nostrils clogged with little lumps of ice. Suddenly I made no other but fatal movements as that dreadful thrills of body and mind, not since long ago when an attempt to roll a smoke had failed hopelessly.

Some of that disappeared in that star dark and cold; but a shadowy measuring of events persisted in noting the advance of numbness from feet and hands. Legs became quite dead up to the knees and on up to the thighs and then crept up arched hips to the waist, leaving retracted life in the stomach still warm enough to feel itself.

Another phase set in. Finally-pointed dangers like uncles seemed to be drawing over so slowly but surely towards stomach and heart. My ribs were now being assailed and overcome. But the agony was quickly and inevitably acceptable.

"Now or never!" I managed to think. "Move or you die!"

No, with uttermost reluctance, I began to move. It took a long time—almost all the time there was left in the world. But, at last, those frozen upholders of will stifled my last flesh resistance for it to left turned from "stated" position, with knees drawn up under chin and arms wrapped around legs.

I got my knees apart and toppled over to bring my frozen face on the floor in front of me. Legs and arms stayed securely stiffened in a frog-



went off, one by one, to make a cushion. The boats went on and on, through the night until morning. Then they went on and on again.

Swart poured out of me at the start, making the cushion hot soon I got drier and drier. Especially when the ship's engines began throbbing far below me and sending up waves of heat.

This was one of the ship's two funnels, the after one which ventilated her engine room, whereas the forward one ventilated the smokehold and would have been too hot for my living creation.

I got on my shoes to walk about on the hot decking platen. A shot door stood tightly into the curve of the funnel and opened presumably onto a deck outside. But it was shut hard, clumped somehow from the other side. However it allowed a supply this draught of cooler air to come through. Over and over again I went there and put my mouth, my nose and my burning eyes to it.

Some precious drops of moisture somehow sweated through the funnel wall in one place. I looked and looked, waited for more to come, then looked again.

When, finally, things thinned away, up and down, and down seemed to be up, so that a larger-stirling distance came of falling into skyward depths of bright blue—then I decided to get out of it. That distance had spun me and thrown me too many times on the hard hot deck.

Leaving all my clothes except the shorts, I crawled and crawled with great care and greater fear all the way down the deplanching steel ladder until I came to the original entrance door.

Swart clothes lifted me in heavenly relief slithering along an slippery, a rock-like place contained a pump. Fresh water! An enamel was hung on it. I fought to drink slowly in emptying down mouthfuls I could

## MIRROR, MIRROR, TELL ME TRUE

Whether an Englishman has travelled or not, he is usually prepared to describe a typical German, Frenchman, Russian and so on, and the people of Europe have equally firm—and possibly equally unfounded—ideas about what constitutes a typical Englishman. Norman Shepherd, who has travelled a good deal, described the Englishman's reputation abroad in a talk recently broadcast by the BBC.

"He is supposed to be phlegmatic and conceited," she said. "Tolerant and mean, a creature who lives in constant dog from the day of his birth and drinks more whisky than he can bottle."

The Englishman abroad apparently never contradicts legends about himself, and his habit of underestimating about those which he really enjoys has given him the reputation of being notoriously hard to please. Tourists of most nationalities react with gags of admiration to the magnificence of St. Peter's Cathedral, where the pillars, grouped separately, give the impression of trees in a forest.

Of this, an Englishman merely murmured: "Yes, but rather a parish, don't you think?"

Equally deep-seated must have been the comment of an English guest whose American host was driving him through Connecticut in the autumn, when the leaves were turning to a glory of blazing colours. "Don't you think it's just a bit vulgar?"

Though there may be some basis for the belief that the Englishman is accessible, there is another side to the picture. "He is of a hard head to rouse," said Miss Shepherd. "He is also supposed to be a sort of ray discoverer, perfectionist and traditional, and this accounts for his reputation with foreign women. It is said to think that, in spite of the invasion of Irish-born men, the typical Englishman is a tourist of like the advertisement for a hand-woven tie I saw in a French shop window 'This shirt, this sport, progress and'."

led it looking sweetly right down to my nostrils, to the tip of my nose—everywhere.

And there, stuck on top of the pump, was an orange. I grabbed it and hurried back to my hiding place.

Without pausing to think how long that orange would have to sustain me, I started beating off the pest

with my fingertips.

Only then did I realize that the orange wasn't the only item of that colour: I was orange, or at least, I was drenched with great blotches of it. I touched it—some thing, it was wet! Pained, and I was asked with it and didn't know!

"He's too orange! He's too orange!"

That harsh voice broke in on my reverie. It was the ship's hostess, with one of the engineers, who came up my ladder and stared at me.

"I told you there was fresh red paint up here," said the engineer, "and that's how he got all smeared with it."

"He's all around it—slap! Noked as a mackerel! Smothered in—red paint on his back goes! He's hot!"

"Get dressed and come down and see the captain."

To reach the captain we had to walk along the promenade deck, in single file, the engineer third of me and bowed behind. Port chief passenger lounged about sipping drinks before dinner, women in elegant gowns, and men in stiff shirts. They stared spaced at our procession.

I was too dazed to understand what the captain said—a nice little man, he seemed. The crew led me well during the 4-day voyage to Port Said. An Australian policy on board passed subscriptions of quite a few pounds for me. Another Australian named Robb gave me a lot of silk underwear and monogrammed shirts.

A week's pool in Port Said and I was on my way again as a richer in the Orient liner "Oswell!"

## PROUD HISTORY OF A FLAG

The Danish flag, consisting of a large white cross on a red field, is the oldest unchanged national flag in existence. About 1200 A.D. King Valdemar II of Denmark led a crusade against the pagans who were continually attacking his colonies on the Baltic. The Danes were surprised in their camp at Landskrona near what is now Helsingør, and only the personal exertions of the king himself saved them from disaster. According to a legend, a red banner bearing a white cross appeared in the sky at the most critical moment of the battle. This was taken by Valdemar as an answer to his prayer and a promise of aid from heaven. After routing the enemy the king adopted the banner as the standard of the Danes and called it Dannebrog, literally meaning "Dane's cloth."



# Mr. Splitfoot played the bones!

By H. B. CRAIG

Spines tingled when joints cracked in the strangest game ever played by little girls!



EXCEPT that they were Indians which made them appear like Indian ponies of the girls in grandmother's family when Margaret and Katie Fox were tiny, normal children.

And you can't even hold their ponies against them, for the girls were products of the 1890s when such a thing created only social and favorable attention.

Margaret was 15, Katie 13, and they lived with their parents in a small cottage in the busy American village of Arcadia. One night, after the children had retired, a noise of loud foreboding knocks came from their bedroom. Their parents, hearing the noise, hurried into them; the noise continued, and one little girl, unaware of the psychic importance of the occurrence, stood in the strange room of the day.

"Why, Mr. Splitfoot, I do declare!"

The wife answered enthusiastically.

Their father, somewhat amazed—and perhaps a little proud that his humble cottage had been chosen for the psychic event—called to the neighbors, that they might observe the phenomenon.

One—a Mr. Denslow—commenced to carry on an animated conversation with the Indians, which ended by ripping him answering a question adversely, remarking aloud for a neighbor's answer.

By these means, the gathering learned that a former tenant of the house had murdered a pedlar for his money; by the presence of Denslow calling the names of previous tenants, the name of the murderer was disclosed.

Small though the village of Arcadia was, the news of the phenomenon spread in the street, and finally, Margaret and Katie were subjected to a test by two ancient aunties.

It was discovered that when the girls sat with their legs outstretched, the "come-on" remarks got no answer, but when the girls sat upright, the Indians responded magnificently.

The occurrence, said the scientists, was inexplicable.

It remained inexplicable until Katie Fox confessed that she had achieved the phenomenon by making her legs and her joints—a little back which, in connection with her sister, she had systematically cultivated.

It was just that their attitude should not go unreminded: the two girls toured the country giving demonstrations, and eventually made very successful advantages.

Spiritualism has come a long way since the days of Margaret and Katie Fox, but no less than in their day, the subject opens the way to argument.

The man who started it all—or at

least the man who gave the argument its early impetus—was a young Andover medical student, Franz Mesmer, born in 1734.

Earlier, Dr. John Dee (born 1527) had amazed his contemporaries by his prediction for communicating with his guardian spirits, but his wisdom was always too exclusive to make the world to wonder.

Mesmer, in taking his medical degree in 1760, chose, as his graduation dissertation the subject, "Influence of the Planets on the Human Body," contending that there is a mutual influence between celestial bodies, the earth, and connected bodies.

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## IT'S CRAZY, BUT WHAT IS A CRANK?

"Crank" in the sense of a person possessed of a peculiar mental twist or with eccentric and freakish notions relative to a particular subject seems to be of American origin. It is probably a "metathesis" from "cranky," an old English word meaning awkward, awkward in temper, peculiar or crazy. The primary notion conveyed by the old word "cranky" is "bent," "crooked," "twisted." In connection with machinery and mechanics, the term has long been applied to an arm kept at right angles to the end of a shaft, by which motion is imparted or received from it.

As early as the sixteenth century, "crank" was applied to a bent or faltering turn of speech. By 1845 it was being used to signify any eccentric notion or action. But "crank" now used to describe a person with an obsession apparently did not come into general use for 30 years after the American Civil War.

The term was popularized in 1861 by the wags of President Garfield. Charles Chauncey, who employed the word frequently in connection with himself and others. When newspaper reporters visited Chauncey in his cell he told them that he was a "crank." The word rapidly became colloquial English.



*Goodnight!*

"I think I got their approval, Phoebe."



# KEEP YOUR MAN

## Attractive!

What to do when that spruced-up Romeo gets down-at-heel is a wife's problem. She is likely the cause of his deterioration.

By M. PETIT

**"KEEP** yourself neat, tidy and attractive, so that when your husband comes home from work, tired, and perhaps depressed, he will find a woman, as well as physical stimulus in your appearance," the clergyman advised the young bride.

The girl's pretty face lit up — obviously she could visualize herself dressed up smartly, complete with make-up, waiting for her mate's arrival. A normal, healthy woman with a reasonable degree of vanity, needs little encouragement to keep herself attractive.

But when she listened to that piece of sound advice and made a whispered promise that she would endeavor to do so, did she take the conclusion further by determining to keep her mate satisfied, too?

The chances are that she didn't. The general attitude of our society is that a wife must remain attractive all the time (this is an absolute obligation) but husbands can "go to the dogs." They are considered not as an attraction but as a liability; they sponsor the marriage and, therefore, must be the attracted and not the attractive.

A man with hay habits probably comes to this outlook. Others, lacking their mate's encouragement, will gradually get out of the habit of caring about themselves.

There are, of course, different stages of nearly unattractiveness. There are wives who wash their husbands to look attractive when they go out together but care little of their appearance when they go out alone or stay at home. "If he's clean enough he's good enough," is a popular attitude.

These women may worry about the slightest blemish on their skin, dread

body odors, but by tolerating these very shortcomings in their husbands they actually encourage physical deterioration.

During the courtship stage the men in search of a partner, or having found but not yet secured one, strive to dress and appear in accordance with his mate's standards.

After he has secured her the man tries to conquer by being attractive seems to exist. The problem of how to keep his wife satisfied comes to him. To maintain the status quo of marriage, he thinks, is a woman's responsibility.

The "charmer's role," he believes, is essentially feminine. He sees himself as the coveted prize. The secret is to enjoy on the woman, who must be attracted, but as herself, who must be retained. So why should he take especial care of himself, unless circumstances force him to do so?

Although he might go around in old working togs at home, careless and unshaven, and, of all things, his teeth missing, he demands a comparable standard of grooming from his wife as she had at the time of their courtship.

If she relinquishes her standards, quite often the man squares himself up and goes out to look for another, more attractive mate.

Some men's change-of-heart does not stop at the deterioration through sheer neglect of physical appearance. It goes further and deeper, involving both thoughts and behavior.

The special care centered on a girl's face or figure may fade out after the first few weeks of married life. Sometimes compliments and courtesy cease on the wedding day, the husband loses his desire for romantic appeal.

A glorious relationship becomes a mere existence of two people together. The inherent pleasure of intercourse and chatting, which aimed at "pulling oneself to the other" sexually, is narrowed to the sheer necessities of support or idle talk. The husband, a newspaper in front of his face at the table, and the wife on the other side of the dining but ineptestible barman, is, in many homes, not a carter's joke, but a reality.

But as if the husband's loss that his appearance, as well as his mental attitude, have deteriorated? Often the blame lies with the woman for allowing her husband to become an uninteresting and unattractive breadwinner.

One might argue the point: "Why blame the wife? If the man had any character, surely he would have retained the attractive qualities he exhibited before his marriage."

No doubt there are millions of men who will not change for the worse, whether their wives are constructive, indifferent or downright devastating in weakness. But there are just as many unable to keep on an even keel, because from their very childhood it was drummed into their ears that "a man's appearance is of no consequence."

This attitude begins in the cradle where the whimsy of the male infant is dismissed by the lighthearted and most censorious observation that strength and brawn are what he really needs. Beauty is essential only to a female. This conclusion goes further when critics analyze a baby, and declare regardless of sex, that "it must be a girl, because he is too pretty for a boy."

This male child in his formative years of adolescence, when his char-



actor is moulded into its final cast, if good-looking or well-used-for, more often than not crowns resentment amongst his friends. "Pretty boys" are scorned. A man who dares to use deodorants, is concerned about his hair, is considered effeminate or worse. Also, women normally prefer the good-looking and well-kempt-after male, therefore, men must take better care of themselves until they have secured their mate.

Having achieved that object, they are able to give free passage to their pent-up resentments and paid to the indulgence accorded on them throughout the year, discarding appearance as much as their social obligations will allow.

How often have you seen that ill-assorted couple, Mrs. Smart and Mr. Dandy?

Mrs. Smart is attractive, very well dressed, Mr. Dandy wears a threadbare suit, his shirt is down at heel. You probably wonder what these two so different people have in common. The answer is simple — only in appearance do they belong to different social and economic levels. In reality, they bear the same name and are married to each other. You have only to look at the way these couples dress and this will tell you the whole story of their marriage without adding them a single question.

Usually by common consent, the woman's opinion that a man's suit

is so much more expensive than those she could buy or make for herself, is accepted. Housewife, peddler, pick-pocket, or the children's clothing will also take preference over the breadwinner's requirements. Some men will wear their suits until they fall to pieces while wives discard good frocks to satisfy fashion's latest trends.

The result of this unequal appearance is that a man, sooner or later,

develops a subconscious inferiority complex, reaching by drinking on his way home from work, or developing an interest in other women. What else can he do, when the praiseworthy and encouraging girlfriend has become a wife who belittles him, if only in appearance?

Normally the woman is the inspiration in the couple's relationship and

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## CAN YOU READ CHARACTER BY BUMPS ON THE HEAD?

The belief that you can determine character by the bumps on the skull is as ancient as it is untrue. Some of the world's greatest geniuses have had small brains and some of the more notable rascals have had large ones. Similarly, the terms "high" and "low brow" and "the bumps of knowledge" are based on the ancient superstition that a man's skull covers his brain like a sheath and bulges where the brain bulges. Nothing could be more false. It may be a comforting thought that our positive mental professions are evidence of excessive grey matter . . . but the theory is as lying as anything that America ever thought up.



# Ever played a joke like THIS?—

There is only a hairline between  
a funny situation and tragedy.  
Don't overplay your hand.

A MISERABLE screen, doctors run, insurance companies pay, and relatives mourn, as the outcome of some ill-advised practical jokes.

Throwing half a bottle of kerosene into an Empire Day bonfire was great fun, and the explosion was better than a burger—but the splinters of glass in a boy's face took the keen edge off the fun. Loading the empty shotgun with blanks and pointing it at a friend might have been a laugh, but the fellow who did it didn't know blanks from the real thing—it might have been murder; but as it was the other fellow only lost three fingers of the right hand.

A lot of discretion is necessary in giving a good safe joke. It's no use saying, "Don't do it." Apart from the fact that there are good safe jokes, no amount of warning would stop practical joking, for up to a point all men are practical jokes.

In Canada, we specialized in practical jokes on newly-arrived Englishmen. Most Englishmen who came to Canada in those days intended to make a quick fortune, and then return "home"; so we supplied them with ingenious suggestions. In the heat of my knowledge, we categorized the out-and-out-fool-jokes—but they were mind-raisers, and the fools had to be black.

A trunk-rod's pull was worth two dollars; a black cat's fur was worth about the same, so it was possible to paint a playing picture of the sudden wealth to be gained by breeding cats—rats, skunks, etc., and leading the sucker to the cage, then skimming the cat, and keeping the rats alive on their runners. Some of our victims tried to form syndicates, and to lease land, for the project. One actually bought three dozen cats before he found out that everyone was laughing at him.

When that joke wore thin, we told new arrivals about the precious oil for that precious Canadian forest from the extreme cold. There was a fortune to be made trapping bears for their fur, we explained, but Canadian trappers despised all mammals smaller than silver fox. When a dog went into an Edmonton store to buy trap traps, the storekeeper usually kept a straight face, and suggested that he was "just out of stock."

Those things must be funny, because you can't help laughing, but what makes them funny?

You take advantage of the incompetence, the ignorance, or the simplicity of your victim. You use his confidence, and then you are it to hurt him, to make him look ridiculous. Everyone laughs at him.

## IS HARD EXERCISE . . . good for middle age?

No. Much as it may distress health-faddists, it isn't. Middle-aged and old people must keep their exercises within the diminishing capacity of their hearts and blood-circulation. Their tissues could do with more oxygen, but to get it by really vigorous exercise is more than their frames can stand.

Is there any way out of this dilemma? Well, "The British Medical Journal" suggests one. Take exercise in your bath. As the advice, after all, a man washing his arms weighs only 15 lb., when immersed in water. This is why muscular movements under water use up much less energy and involve much less strain on the pumping and circulation system.

Experiments have shown that exercise in a bath can lead to just as high a consumption of oxygen as vigorous exercise on the road. On the road, however, particularly in the case of older people, the blood races; the pulse quickens a good deal; on the other hand, exercise in the bath can mean just as great an increased consumption of oxygen, with only a slight increase in pulse rate and no rise in the blood pressure. Indeed the blood pressure may fall.

Everyone enjoys it except the object of the joke. What about him? How does it feel to know that you are the butt of scorn and ridicule? Few experiences are more painful than that; the source of our laughter is another's mental suffering.

Of course, there are practical jokes in which no ridicule or discomfort are involved—merely surprise and momentary confusion.

There was the joke played by the "abhorrent widow" on Casanova. She was abhorrent to him because, while Casanova was bent on seducing her beautiful niece, the widow was determined to sample the great lover's famous artifice herself, and she suc-

ceeded. On the widow's advice, the girl consorted to seduce Casanova in the dead of night on condition that he bring no light, and that they keep perfectly silent. The widow then changed rooms with the girl and Casanova, under the impression that he held the lovely maiden in his arms, rose to his usual height of vanity. He flew into a rage when a grey dawn revealed the trick, but he got over it, and laughed heartily.

The richest laughter comes from jokes perpetrated on a whole community, or on a social set. Not long ago, a humorist played a "Closed for Repairs" notice at the northern end of the Victoria Bridge over the Brisbane River. Seeing it, a traffic policeman took up his stand there, and gravely directed all traffic to Gory Street. He did it for half a day before the hoax was discovered. This joke brought slight inconvenience to some hundreds of people, but it made thousands laugh.

Sometimes, such practical jokes contain sharp social satire. There is the famous case of the wealthy lady who represented an Oriental Potentate, hired actors to form an impressive retinue, and hosted the social climbers and hucksters of her own social set. They showed themselves before her, abjectly basking in the reflected glory of a supposed Asiatic despot, while she methodically embarrassed them by producing outrageous weaknesses and the most abominable manners. Their supine fawning on an obvious humbug set the world laughing—not so much at them as at all pretentious snobbery.

The greatest practical joke ever conceived failed to come off. In 1918, Billy Hughes was heading for Queensland to bully-ear the Ryan Labor Government into supporting conscription.

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## CAN THERE BE SOUND... WITHOUT AN EAR TO HEAR IT?

The question is often asked: "If a tree should fall in a forest thousands of miles from any living creature, would any sound be produced?" The question once has conferred popularity to a confusion of two distinct definitions of sound.

Sound is defined as the sensation stimulated by waves set in motion by a vibrating object. Consequently there is no such sound unless there is some form of ear to receive the sensation. In this sense, then, if a tree should fall thousands of miles from any living creature, there would be no sound. This is the psychological sense of the term. But in physical terms sound is defined as the cause of the sensation, that is, the waves which are set in motion by a vibrating object and which produce the sensation popularly called sound.

In the psychological sense of the term, no sound is produced unless there is an ear to hear. But in the physical sense, sound is produced irrespective of the presence of a living creature with auditory organs. In the one case sound is a sensation, in the other the waves that stimulate the sensation.

# THE THIN EDGE

By STEVE FRAZEE

● FICTION

TRAIN Seven ground into Gadsden that night with nothing for me but a can of company floor wax and 38 thousand pounds, which was the amount of the railway payroll.

The express messenger who took the run west of Gadsden grinned when he climbed into the car and saw the safe. "That thing again?"

We tested the weight of the big iron box. It came away two weeks.

"Forty more years of it," I said.

"You punka won't last that long, the way you gripe about every sample detail," said old Tom Bailey, the messenger whose run ended in Gadsden. He folded his controls into a bag, adjusted his leather necktie, and came over to give us a hand.

"Come on, come on," he said, not impatiently, just pushing a little at routine. We lowered the safe to the platform track.

I said, "If a man just dropped that safe out of the car some night, let it crash through the track and went fishing for a week—would that get him dried?"

Tom gave me a weary look. "Sign the book."

I signed for the safe and the sealed envelope that held the combination.



Gadsden had to hope that the soulless, expressionless creature facing him, hid someone who was just a little human.

Tom and I climbed down.

The wait-run messenger started to slide the door that "I hope you can get more sleep than I did, Tom," he said.

Main Street was popping and crashing with motor cycles. They were turning and skidding, running the backpicks, coupling in front of every milk bar and hamburger house in town. This was the second year the State Motor Cyclists' Association had held its summer convention and rodeo in Chadron. The police had almost given up.

"They won't bother me none," Tom said.

What could bother a man whose whole life had been the making of an express car on the same run, and the same hotel room at the end of the run? I felt a little bit of fear when I realized I was going up the same rat hole years, so far. Not quite 40 years left, but a long, long time.

Tom gave me a push across the tracks and up the ramp into the "house," the big outer room of the Express Corporation. Richard on the street greeted us here and shook hands, and then Munkley Brown was splitting the night on the run west. That left nothing to do until Munkley Peterson came in from home later, nothing but sitting and thinking.

"Any job and that fellow doing anything more about your new-fangled ideas of house building?" Tom asked.

"How the hell can I, stick down here?"

Tom took his bag off the truck. "I just asked." He went out, headed for the hotel, a man, then-discovered old man at the end of a messenger run that had been just the ten thousand others.

I would be an old Tom Hiller some day, but I had tried to avoid thinking about it. His question was a little job that was starting the argument all over. For a long time I had been considering going in with Bill Howard on a construction deal, and finally, I had thought I would not.

It was not decision, shame, real; it was the role of a bad trombone player who slides into everything. That was calling at me now. There was no challenge to my job, but there was a cheap, easy two weeks, the security of retirement pay, and other benefits.

## STONE OF MYSTERY

Blue John sounds a fairly sort of name for a stone or baccarat-stone character, but it is in fact the name of a stone that is found in only one place in the world — on Trunk Cliff, Castle Rock, in the English County of Derbyshire. The deep, unique colour of Blue John makes it a particularly attractive material for vases, bowls and ornaments of all kinds, and it has been worked for many years. For how many, no one is quite sure. For that matter, no one can account for its being found only in Trunk Cliff, nor give precise reasons for its colour, though these are supposed to be due to oil impregnated in the crystals. The origin of the name is uncertain too.

Possibly a visiting Frenchman called it "bleu-jaune", or perhaps the old miners called it Blue John to distinguish it from Black Jack, the local name for Derbyshire black marble.

The most long debated question about Blue John was whether the Romans had mined it. The Romans wrote, Pliny the Younger, writing in the first century, started the argument by describing what he called the Myrthosae Vases as "purple and white, disposed in undulating bands, and usually separated by a third band, in which the two colours, being mixed, assume the best of them." This marble will be a description of the Blue John known today, and many people in favour of the Roman theory took a further article related by Pliny as proof positive that the vases were in fact made of Blue John. A casual admirer one of them so much, Pliny recorded, that he hit a piece out of the lip of it. This uncorroborated uncorroborated expression of appreciation indicated the better quality of the vases, and Blue John is a very brittle stone. On the other side of the argument must be reckoned the fact that no traces of Roman mine workings have been found on Trunk Cliff. The latest scientific opinion — that the Myrthosae Vases were made of material which the Romans obtained from Asia Minor — seems the more likely to be correct.

The other deal was no crash. Then, too, I wanted to get married in the autumn. How could a woman feel happy about marrying a man whose father was bankrupt on a lot of ideas that might drop dead any moment?

I had not asked Jean about that. I was answering the question for her.

With a bang, I slammed the book handle up and glared at the sale. Other people's money had tape around in back-breaking weight. I knew Jean would say no ahead and take the chance, that's why I had not asked her.

"Take a chance, sucker!" The old Navy guy.

It sounded as if 50 motor cycles were going to crash the south overhead doors. They came down the street in a following charge. General bent over the doors as the machines skidded and rocketed off toward the railway parking lot. A girl's laugh screamed back like a shriek.

I checked the looks and went into the office. I tossed the naked arm-wings on top of the floor safe beside a haltered .35 revolver that I wore when working hours only when I knew an inspector was due. It was "a weapon supplied to protect company property and the employee's life." The second killing always unstated one.

With my feet on the desk I listened to the explosion on Main Street. In three more years I would be off the night job. My father, the Chairman, would, was due to retire then. He was another old-time expression like Tom Hiller. "Old-express," we called them. Three more years — and then 30 more.

After a while I got up and walked around the room. Hate looks on the shelves, directives in the basket, and the latest scribbled rule book. Even a stripe could hold this job forever. Who were the characters who did we want over-emphasizing a desert for security? These guys probably went back to soft, high-paying jobs after every speech.

Take a chance, sucker!

The deal Bill Howard and I had worked out was no crash. I sat down.

## Hot Potato!

For three months doctors in the prison ward of Bellevue Hospital in New York pointed over the illness of a 34-year-old woman while police waited to place her on trial on a grand larceny charge. The physicians had been unable to find anything wrong, although her temperature boomed around — one day it would be 102, the next, 104, and suddenly almost normal.

The doctors finally directed two nurses secretly to watch the woman day and night and the mystery was solved. The woman had an extra thermometer secreted in the room. She would rub this thermometer until the friction caused it to shoot up and then would substitute it for the one given to her by the nurses. Yes, trial date has now been set.

and put out the sheets with some of our building ideas. It was not long before the motor cycles were just a murmur in the background of my thinking.

Howland was a mechanical engineer. I was not anything, but I had a lot of ideas for houses that would satisfy people, the average sort of people. I thought I knew who they were. Some of my ideas had been worthless, but a lot of them, with the limbs disintegrated out by Howland, seemed pretty good on paper.

We had no article idea that was new, but the combination of ideas, involving the outline of crabs in house construction, more speed in building, the elimination of several items more conventional than structural, all added up to make a plan that seemed pretty good. It was not pre-fab stuff. You can't sell a woman on some hot-shot model where she is used to plaster, no matter if you can prove that even a kid can't do it or wear the model.

We thought we had something Howland, who was working for the city, was ready to go. He wanted to build these houses to test what we had on paper. That would take all the money we could rake up from everywhere. One or two mistakes or a couple of bad bugs we hadn't figured on would wreck us. But if the ideas worked, we would have something big, with the challenge to go on and really build.

If it flopped . . . no pension, no security, no checkups every two weeks. Just a couple of busted crabs with our ideas.

Old Miles had asked a mild question. He might just as well have said I was afraid to get out of my bathtub.

I got up and walked around the room, and then I could hear the motor cycles again.

Someone hammered the outside office door.

"Who is it?" I yelled.

"I want to ship a motor cycle."

I sat down and put my feet on the desk. "Create?"

"It's smashed so bad even my guys can't hear it."

"Who young punk."

"Bring it around to-morrow," I said.

"The loading to-night. I want it to go out on the next car-bound."

"Will cost you plenty—smashed?"

"What's paying?" Is the express company in business, or do I go back to your division office and say you can't take shipments in Gadsden because they cost too much?"

I wanted to punch that smug character, but I said, "Take it around to the big dogs."

"It's there already. Did you think I intended to bring it in and put it on the counter?"

Two or six machines blasted by the south doors while I was crossing the house. I flipped the lights and started beating one door. The motor cycle on its stand outside did not seem damaged, but I could not see too well because I hadn't turned on the yard light.

He stuck under the rain door. He grabbed the handle and shoved it down again. There was a little delirious in his first head.

His face was what shined on. The tiny eyes were nothing but shadows. His skin was dead, crepe-like, and then I realized he was wearing a rubber sheet mask.

He backed me into the office, into my chair. He kicked the company revolver under the floor acts. All I could think of was the 38 would be most sure when I rolled it out. He checked the shotgun, unloaded it.

Two or three motor cycles stopped outside, the engines pumping, the riders laughing. The idiot whirled away from the station and came to the corner of the desk, holding the apomorphine toward my stomach. He was wearing a black leather jacket with bright metal take, short strapped boots, diamond, and then buckskin gloves.

There must have been a hundred outfit like that in Gadsden that night.

The tiny eye dials reduced his nose to a snub's stem, as he waited for the kids to go away. With his left hand he tore a sheet from a small mirror pad. His fingers failed it into little rectangles and when it was almost torn he let the tension of the doubled ends snap the web away. That hand was as steady as his eyes.

Suddenly the engines outside went into full roar. They were a black swirl on seconds.

"Open the safe," the idiot said. The mask gave his voice a harry, nasal tone.

The foot kid was asking for it now. The floor was rigged to a buzzer and a red blitzer system. I had forgotten that once, and 15 seconds after the safe had opened, someone had cursed and I had seen the night special agent standing in the doorway, just getting his gun snap.

I smiled a little, now, perhaps a few seconds. You cannot read a rubber mask.

"All right," I said.

I rose and started across the office. The idiot shook his head. He pointed toward the other room where the portable safe was on the truck. He was holding the sealed envelope with the combination.

That was when the attention burned in and left me utterly sick. The 30 thousand should have been transferred to the big desk immediately after receipt, with someone from the railway special agent's office and another reliable employee witnessing the transfer.

For a long time I had been violating that regulation, leaving the job for my father to do in daytime. He had raved. He was the kind who frothed over expenses long or short in the petty cash drawer. Finally I had worn him down.

Now my neglect had ruined my old man. I could hear a company special agent asking him, "How long had that violation been going on with your approval?"

My father would tell the truth. He would not refuse in three years with a pension, he would be looked at next week. I backed up and set down again.

The idiot kept pointing toward the other room.

I said, "There's nothing in that box."

He tossed the envelope into my lap.

If I had just put the envelope into the safe . . .

"You got to get the dial out of the floor safe," I said.

From a hook under a shelf the idiot took a leather-edged express-man's pouch. The hideous hair seemed human, then. The pouch struck my lap. I knocked it away. The strap caught on the arm of my chair and the two dials inside the pouch rattled when the bottom struck the floor.

"I won't do it!"

"Then maybe I can open the safe, Pop. When another bunch of motor cycles roar by . . ." He moved the thumb safety.

The filthy helplessness of trying to read through a mask like that! He won't do it! Flood light stared at me. I was not yet 30. He won't do it! The red tape inside the portable safe suddenly assumed its real form.

Thirty thousand. For that much money . . .

Up the street a roaring broke away from the general racket. It came clear. Another group of friends was headed down to make a turn on the parking lot. When the full crescendo of the following engines washed against the building, a pinball—or three or four—would be nothing.

They came like demons. The gun was steady, the idiot had a mask of death. I could not find the courage. I dug for the dials and leaped up with them.

He stood behind me while I opened the apartment safe on the truck.

"This is marked money," I said. It was not marked. First and last, mostly. The railway paid by cheque, then cashed the cheques.

The idiot read nothing. He must have known.

The address sack with its red was not was not large. Just 10 thousand pounds. There was a little white sand, a measure of detergent, in the cold container of the safe. The dim light gave it a powdery appearance.

I scooped some up in my hand.

"Don't put that," the idiot said.

If he had been close, holding the automatic against my back, I could have headed him, but I did not know just how close behind me he was standing.

I put my hand on the sack. When the idiot walked out with that, he was taking my father's life. My old man's pride in a lifetime of integrity with the company was deep and honest. He would take my neglect on himself.

That would kill him, literally.

I put the sack inside my shirt. When I turned, I started sliding my back along the metal side of the truck, moving farther from the door. "No-ah. You'd have to kill me!"

"All right." There was no shred of hope in the harry tone.

The rubber came back from the parking lot. They stopped by the south doors, arguing about a bottle of beer. The idiot moved slowly toward me, and I kept sliding away, and I could not keep my hands from holding my stomach, where the automatic was pointing.

Outside, one of the riders asked,



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a bad mistake and got fired, and then I would have the rest of my life to do all the things I couldn't do before. It was no need. Now I know it, and I would have known it even if I had got away with the money. You can't throw away the habits of a lifetime—the web of paper that trapped me up."

A diesel engine was lifting an ironing board. Outside of that the pads were dead quiet.

Old Tom had slipped lower on his chair. It seemed that he had struck a hole in the dull brown suit he had worn ever since I knew him.

"You came within a hair of shooting me," I said.

He nodded. "You'll never know how close it was. But I didn't do it, and now it's gone forever. I'll never come up to it again. I know. I want the streets all night thinking about it. I'm all right now. If you let me go on to retirement, you'll never have anything to regret.

"If you want to, you can take me upstairs to the railway station again right now." There was no appeal in his tone, but stark truth lay in his eyes.

Sometimes, with accuracy that I now, you know the truth when you see it. This was such a time.

"We'll both forget it," I said.

He gave me a brief smile. "You may. I'll try."

I tried to make it lighter. "Why didn't I recognize your voice?"

He rolled a steel ball bearing across the desk. "That was in my youth."

"How'd you get the machine?"

"In front of an hotel. I put the mark on down here in the parking lot. The owner of the motor cycle never knew it had been taken and returned."

We stood by the platform truck beside the tracks as Number Fourteen came gliding in.

"You might think I missed the high point last night," Tom said. "But it wasn't then. I missed way down the line, over 30 years ago. I had a choice then to go into the garage business. That's what I've always wanted."

We moved up the tracks as the express car slid past.

Tom said, "There would have been others. The worst failure is not trying at all."

"You meant that last night when you asked about me and Bill Heyland?"

"Maybe it's your business, your life."

He climbed up into the car. The other passenger waited at the desk with forms to sign. Tom Hiles was old-express again, as soon as he dropped his bag and got on his glasses.

When the train was moving, just before he closed the door, old Tom raised his hand in a little salute, a grin, then-shookered man going back on the run.

Bill Heyland was coming across the tracks in long strides. "I got a new tire," he said.

"I've got several," I said. "As soon as I write a letter of resignation, we can slip 'em around."

## KEEP YOUR MAN ATTRACTIVE

(Continued from page 39)

it is she who must keep her husband up to the standard which first made him acceptable to her. A wife who wants to maintain the status quo of her marriage would do well to remember these points:

- Look after your husband. Keep his wardrobe clean and tidy. See that there are no missing buttons, holey socks, badly-ironed shirts, dusty trousers, or tight suits.

- If he's young, bold, make him look after his hair. When that middle-age spread sets in, lead him on frills, salads. Encourage him to take up sports. Gradually those you can share; such as tennis, golf.

- A made point to maintain, but clean fingernails for his appearance and success not only in the business world but in the society circle, are just as important as for a woman.

- When work gets him down and sheer physical tiredness prompts him to surrender thoughts of appearance, it's up to you to stimulate his interest in being neat and tidy.

- Many women constantly accept themselves as planning their new season's wardrobe but give little or no thought to what their male partners should wear. They feel that no matter how the family budget balances, the wife has a priority for smart appearance. If you belong to this group you are putting your husband down the grade to anonymity.

- Encourage common projects of interest — keep the house pleasantly clean and tidy but not at the expense of your husband's comfort and appearance.

- Beware of doing to the other extreme of worrying about your husband's clothes and replacing your own wardrobe and grooming.

No matter for the physical aspects of this matter, the mental ones are even more important.

- Never give up, for instance, stimulating subjects that were topics of conversation before marriage.

- Girlfriends usually said the papers and are able to discuss world events in both political and cultural spheres. But even often narrow their interests to the gossip of neighbours — then wonder why their husbands find them uninteresting and turn to the "boys" for company.

- Insist on taking an interest in all topics your husband considers as part of his life. This is usually easy for a working wife but the housebound mother must organize stimulating reading and conversation for herself.

- Don't consider social obligations a burden, but encourage him, and yourself, to get mutual enjoyment out of entertaining and being entertained. Complete "housewife" is bound to lead to a dreary existence.

As in all other matters, equality of man and wife is the keynote in keeping your man attractive — without losing him.

## THE WORD COLLECTOR

(Continued from page 13)

With Fujiwara's help the other members of the gang were rounded up. So much dishonesty was truly astonishing in a gang member who had sworn abstinence by drinking his own blood as well as the blood of his colleagues.

I decided to find out, with Oshichi's help, the reason why Fujiwara betrayed the others. I went to see him in his cell at the Kure Police Station.

The cell was well lit and clean. Fujiwara had proven a surging sort of beast and was in high spirits.

"He hopes," Oshichi interpreted, "that justice will catch up with that old Yamanaka. He hates him."

"Strange," I said. "Wasn't he a disciple of Yamanaka's?"

"For a while, yes. But Fujiwara is just a peasant lad. The others were all college and N.C.O.s, coming

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from noble families. He didn't know that all the Shimada were murdered."

"And what disclosed the fact to him?"

"The mode of their killing made him think Fujiwara was all for strangling the three of them if they had to die. But Yonemitsu and the others believed that a man can be killed but a woman and a young boy must not. So they saved Mrs. Shimada and her son to ransom Waytama Senda, see?"

"That made Fujiwara think. Then came the other three, about burying treasure. Fujiwara was for selling it in Tokyo for a quick profit. But Yonemitsu said all those things must be handed back to the owners."

"Fujiwara stuck close detection and became angry at not profiting after all the danger and trouble he had endured."

Months went by and the pleasant spring air thickened into a hot, sultry

summer. I'd almost completely forgotten the strange case of ex-Sergeant Yonemitsu, who, as it seemed, had managed to evade the law.

One late August afternoon, Jack Jackson came into my office.

"Well, you can write the last chapter to the Yonemitsu case," he said. "You can never figure out those Nips."

"Did you get him?" I asked suddenly to life despite the scorching heat.

"In a way we did, but you'll never guess how. This morning the Jap police reported that old Yonemitsu and his son had committed harakiri, while the mother sat her brood in the traditional Japanese manner."

"The more so those all now," he said, then added with an insight I never suspected he had, "but the point is—they're left behind a legend which may not exactly foster democracy in this poor unfortunate country."

## MR. SPLITFOOT PLAYED THE BONES

(Continued from page 36)

Moreover, he claimed to have cured an epileptic by applying magnetic plates to the patient's body.

Although the medical profession remained his theory with a marked lack of enthusiasm and even ridicule, the people flocked to his clinic, and he became the sensation of Paris.

In 1781, the faculty of the Royal Medical Society of Paris investigated his claims and overwhelmingly rejected them. The report stated that his cures were due to accident, or coincidence, that his technique was dangerous, and that he should be suppressed.

Undeterred, Mesmer built a baguet—a large circular tub, around whose perimeter were arranged iron rods, and within which were "bottles set in a peculiar manner."

His adherents sat around the tub and held hands; soon, the sitters became hysterical; some screamed, others collapsed, whilst another was able to walk around and "magnetize" people merely by touching them. When the effects wore off, this man could remember nothing.

A Commission which sat in 1786 reversed the first judgment and found the phenomenon produced by Mesmer to be genuine.

Since then, the world has discussed spiritualism in a highly-controversial manner. Amongst the "poor" have been some of the most outstanding thinkers of their time, whilst the line-up of "sore" is as less impressive.

Mesmer's first experience of spiritualism doctrines contributed to his scepticism. The medium, having promised to bring back Mesmer's father, went into a trance, and speaking in a deep voice said:

"Ah, this is your dear father, my son, it Mesmer me to know that you have made a great success. I have been watching your career with the greatest of interest and pride."

With a marked lack of co-operation, and an abandon hardly in keeping with the solemnity of the occasion, Mesmer yelled.

"Hello, Papa! When did you learn to speak English?"

Dr. Weiss, Mesmer's father, was an Austrian who never mastered the English language. Our slightly taken aback, however, the medium explained that he had learnt the language in the other world.

"Well, then," said Mesmer. "Tell him that I would rather be spoken to in my Mother's."

The medium, having neither a command of the Hebrew language nor the inventiveness to skin any further, remained silent.

But perhaps even the great Mesmer possessed a sparkling belief: for when he died, he left a message with his wife, saying that, if the spirit world allowed him, he would come back.

He hasn't, and it was credited to him that he would get out of anything!

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(PLEASE LETTERS please)

Oct 1969

## STRIP TEASE IS BOOMING

(Continued from page 9)

the brief, flimsy "garments" required by law as the minimum covering the strip-tease performers must retain to prevent their descending to complete nudity.

The G-strings are sold in a tiny shop just off Broadway. Almost every American stripper is on the books. The proprietor and his two assistants work overtime fulfilling mail orders that come from as far afield as Alaska and Hawaii, where burlesque shows are now operating.

Before the business was commenced after World War II, the girls usually used home-made G-strings. They were neither as attractive nor as safe as the present factory jobs. Girls frequently suffered embarrassment when their single garment broke or came apart.

There is constant stirring by performers for more daring and lurid G-strings. All are made to individual measurements. The proprietor reports that they are so well made they never wear out.

Taking strip-tease as a significant social phenomenon, numbers of semi-scientific American scholars in recent years have devoted much time to analytic research on the subject.

David Broder, an eminent New York Ph. D., won his doctorate in sociology for a thesis on "Burlesque as a Social Phenomenon." It proved so interesting a New York paper ran it as a serial in 12 installments. The 100,000-word opus involved point of view.

The dedicated researcher attended more than 1,000 strip-tease performances — "noting unrelaxed among the happy throngs of the audience nothing with glaucous-eyed delight at the babes in G-strings and shouting their time-honored old battle cry of 'Take it off!'"

More than 300 regular strip-tease bars and 350 performers were interviewed. The latter, according to Broder, "lead pretty ordinary lives, don't like their jobs and have a super-sexy contempt for their audiences." The doctor concluded that the art had "little or no social effect."

Another with academic interest in strip-tease is Dr. Sylvester Van Van, a professor at the City College of New York. Not long ago he made a similar survey and decided that the outstanding characteristic of the performers was their modesty.

"They're just sweet little house-bodies at heart," he said. "Some are quite refined. One he we noticed he insists on addressing in public to classical music."

Statisticians show most strip-tease girls are married. The husbands generally do not object to their work. A majority of the strippers claim that their greatest joy comes from coming and coming at home.

They admitted working on their careers for money — and there is nothing else they can do for considerable returns.

## WHO KILLED THE KING?

(Continued from page 7)

Blindfolded, handcuffed, guarded behind the gray shades of the palace walls.

He was now proclaimed King and he waited apprehensively to see if the royal assassin would strike again.

We realized that we were in the midst of royal intrigue and few normal people ever have the chance to notice their real about.

A week after the death, the Seventh Day Baptist rites on the body of the King were carried out.

Large crowds were gathered outside the palace gates. In the courtyard of the throne room American and foreign dignitaries were gathered to pay their respects.

The new King, a thin erect young man, as a white woman, arrived in state and, with a select few of the Royal family, joined the guests inside the throne room.

I managed to hide for a while behind a curtain near the door, the only European to see the age-old rites that took place.

The body, its bones broken according to ancient custom, and a diamond ring in its mouth, had been lifted in the traditional hunched-up pose into a cylindrical urn filled with spices.

Around this was a case of solid gold weighing many hundredweight.

The palace-guards, whose shooting would never stop for the whole year that the body would be there, were today increased to many hundreds.

And amongst it all, with that incredible it was seen game of the Great, cups of tea, glasses of soft drinks, and chess of battle out were passed around amongst the mourners.

And so the rites went on.

After this pause the crowd watched the people processed, and, despite the most rigorous methods by the police

to make people interested, the commotion spread that the King was murdered.

But after another week Friday was forced to agree to an autopsy on the body.

That was an outbreak of things for them, where the body of the King is so sacred that it may not be touched. The Royal family was indignant, and the priests were shocked. But Friday had to opt.

Furthermore public opinion insisted that foreign doctors take part to prevent the post-mortem being rigged.

So British army paratroop doctor Lieut. Colonel Harland Reed, late of Charing Cross Hospital, with a panel of two other British doctors, an American missionary doctor, and fifteen Americans took the body of the King from the golden urn for examination.

The result: "In our opinion the King was murdered," said the majority.

Parliament was waiting to consider the finding, but as soon as a debate began which had every impression of turning into an attack that might break Friday's Government, the Prime Minister peremptorily closed the house and a formal enquiry was begun.

Month after month it dragged out, while bills by bills the report died down and the world forgot. Eventually the enquiry delivered, with a measure of publicity, a non-committal verdict.

"It is better to let the past sink into the past," said Interior Minister Thompson lamely discreetly.

The body of King Asonde Michael of Spain has long since been buried.

But those who know the truth are still alive to tell the tale — but secrets of this importance are not so easily breached in Spain. The inquiry remains the inquiry of why and how a Royal assassin remains at large.



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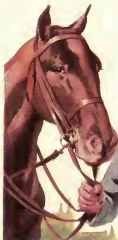
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